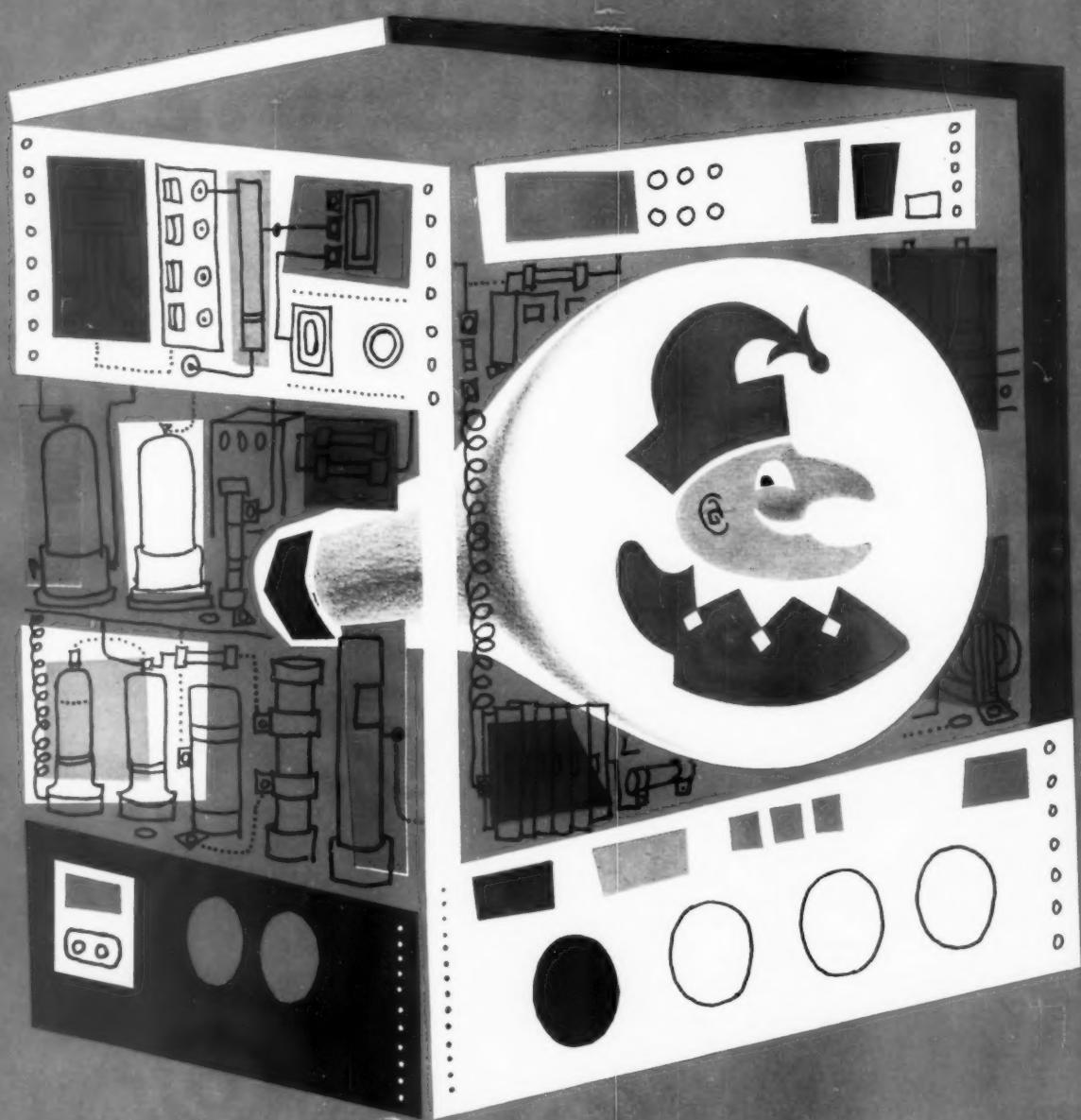
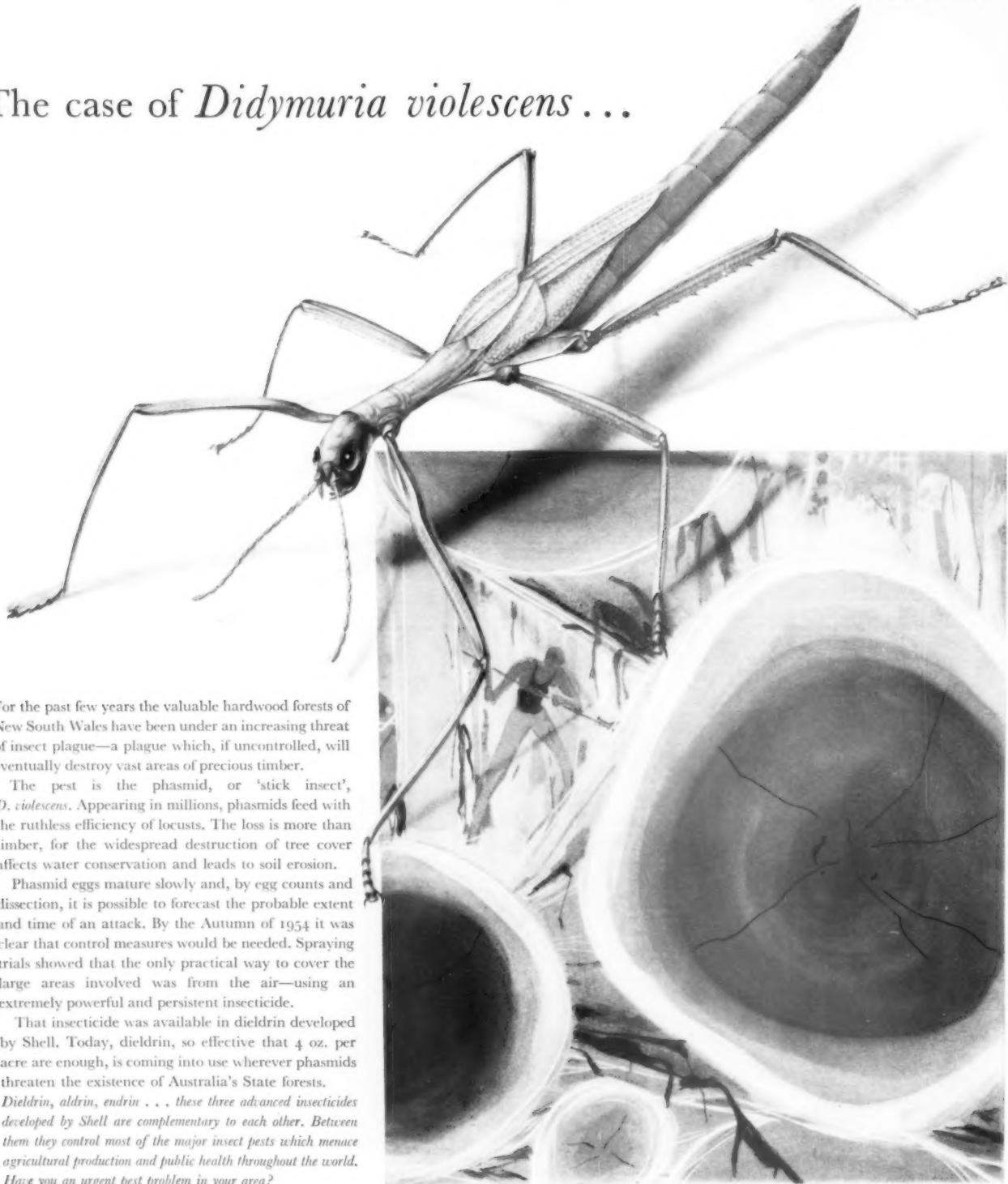


6d

## Punch



## The case of *Didymuria violescens* . . .



For the past few years the valuable hardwood forests of New South Wales have been under an increasing threat of insect plague—a plague which, if uncontrolled, will eventually destroy vast areas of precious timber.

The pest is the phasmid, or 'stick insect', *D. violescens*. Appearing in millions, phasmids feed with the ruthless efficiency of locusts. The loss is more than timber, for the widespread destruction of tree cover affects water conservation and leads to soil erosion.

Phasmid eggs mature slowly and, by egg counts and dissection, it is possible to forecast the probable extent and time of an attack. By the Autumn of 1954 it was clear that control measures would be needed. Spraying trials showed that the only practical way to cover the large areas involved was from the air—using an extremely powerful and persistent insecticide.

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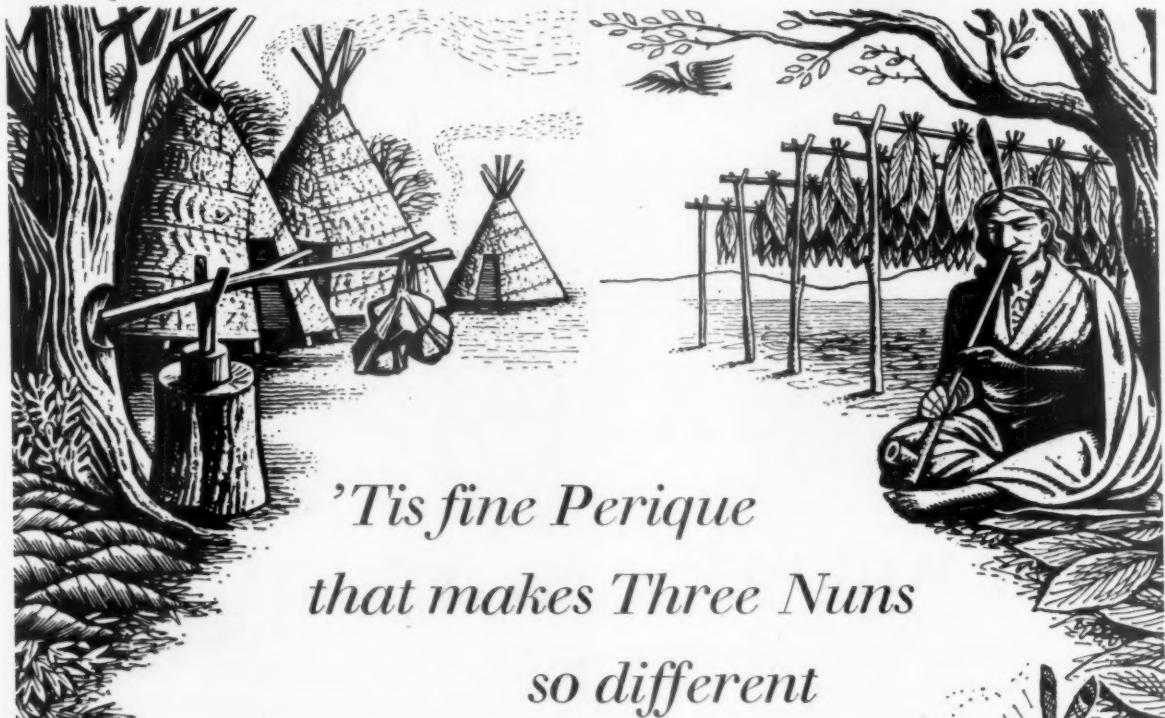


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And only there does Perique, even today, truly flourish.

And so the pipe of peace, smoked by the Indian braves, is translated today to the peaceful pipe of the Three Nuns smoker.



# Three Nuns

*with the black heart of Perique*

Punch, August 22 1956



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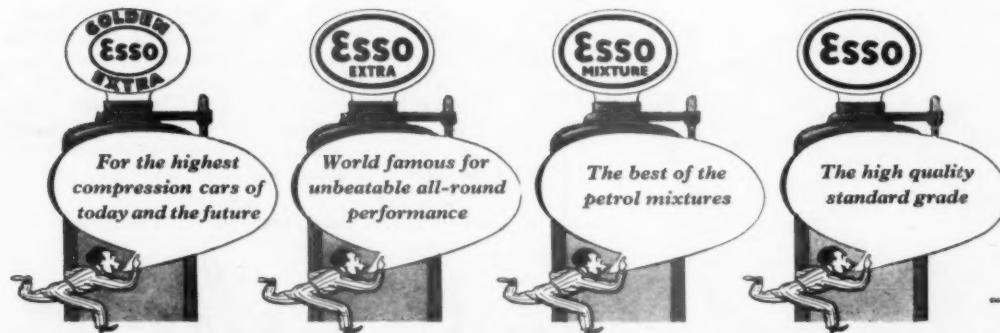
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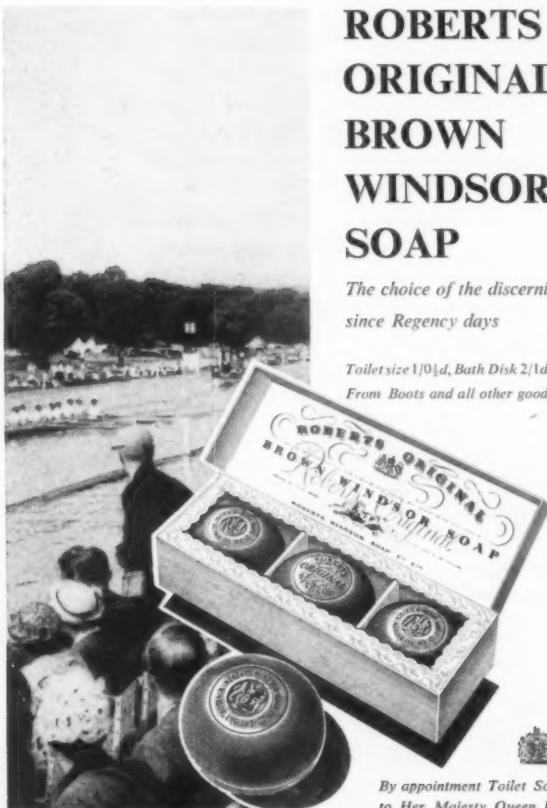
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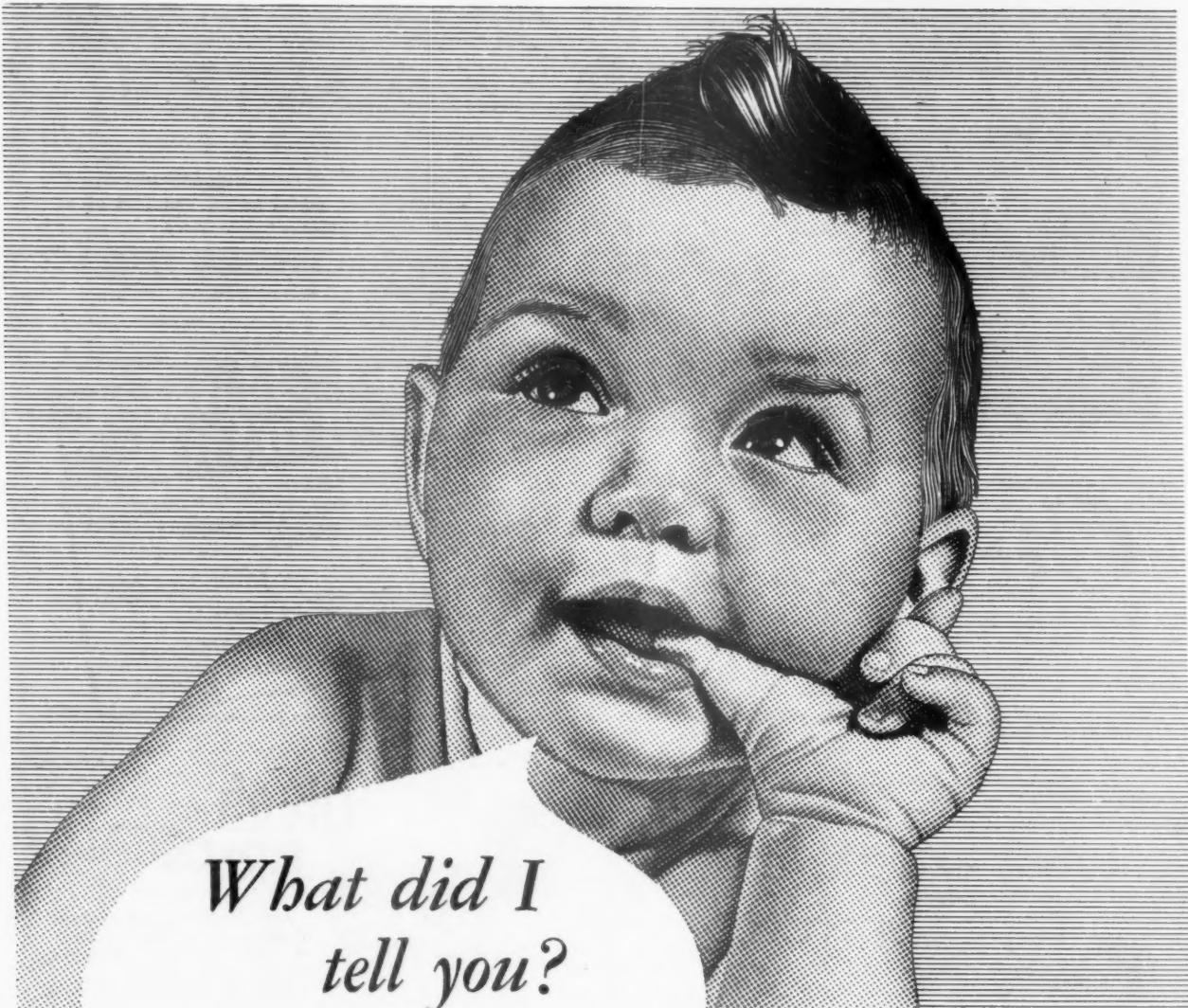
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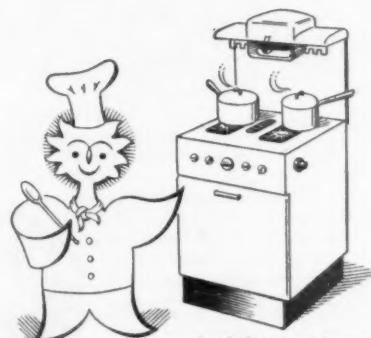


*What did I  
tell you?*

*By GAS it's good!*

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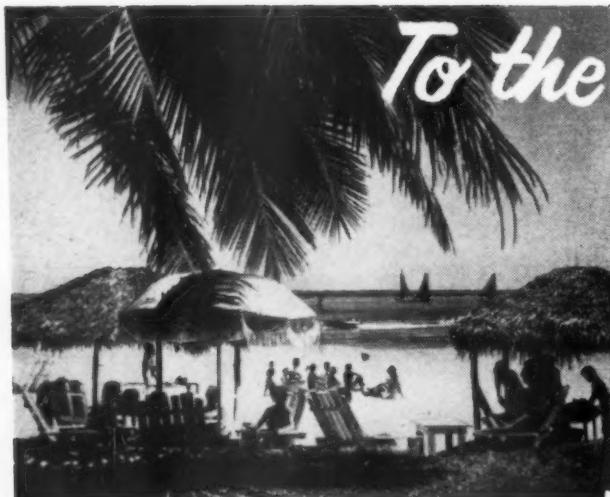
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There's a bevy of them in  
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# Mr THERM-mother's daily help

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*Issued by the Gas Council*



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Let's start by saying what it is not . . .

A tape recorder is not a machine which ticks out Stock Market prices. Nor does it provide the ticker tape which is such a feature of the New York welcome to famous people.

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DRY SCALP!



"What a scruffy head of hair. Why doesn't he do something about it?"  
But if your scalp's short of natural oils, your hair's bound to be untidy, dull and lifeless. That's Dry Scalp.

Check Dry Scalp  
this easy way

THERE'S only one sure way to check Dry Scalp. Massage a few drops of Vaseline Brand Hair Tonic into your scalp for 20 seconds every morning.

This unique blend of pure, natural oils, containing no spirit or other drying ingredients, quickly supplements the scalp's natural oils, helps oil-starved hair—checks that Dry Scalp.

Result? Hair looks naturally handsome, stays well-groomed all day!



**Vaseline\* HAIR TONIC**

The dressing that checks Dry Scalp  
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“Now tell me how you like my coffee”



Hair Style by French, of London

WHY DO THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOSTESSES-ABOUT-TOWN USE LYONS PURE COFFEE?

There's a very simple reason . . . Freshly ground coffee beans will only make the best coffee if the beans themselves are fresh. The coffee beans used by Lyons are roasted and ground at the peak of their freshness, then the coffee is *immediately* aroma-sealed (by an exclusive Lyons process) in the well-known green tins. **It is the freshest coffee you can buy.**

LYONS FOR REAL COFFEE





## Looked under your cornerstone lately?

GRIM RELICS sometimes came to light when ancient buildings were demolished to make way for new ones. In days when men worshipped many gods, they offered a human sacrifice to appease the earth god before laying the cornerstone. To-day this ritual of protection may involve nothing more than placing a scroll under the cornerstone—hardly a serious gesture to the deities.

However, when the need for protection is real—as in packaging the products of our factories—we are not only serious we are downright insistent in our demands for the very best of protection.

“Fiberite” cases, and cartons made from “Thames Board”

provide the essential outer protection without which the torrent of new products for our expanding economy would slow down to a trickle. And in the warehouse and shop the stout, reliable case, easy to store and handle, is an ambassador of good-will for the manufacturer. The consumer too, gives ready loyalty to the branded, packaged product, knowing as he does that it is unadulterated and in good condition.

For these good reasons, leading manufacturers rely on “Thames Board” cartons and “Fiberite” cases to protect their products and their reputations. And as production flows, and living standards rise, so the demand for Thames Board Mills’ products grows.

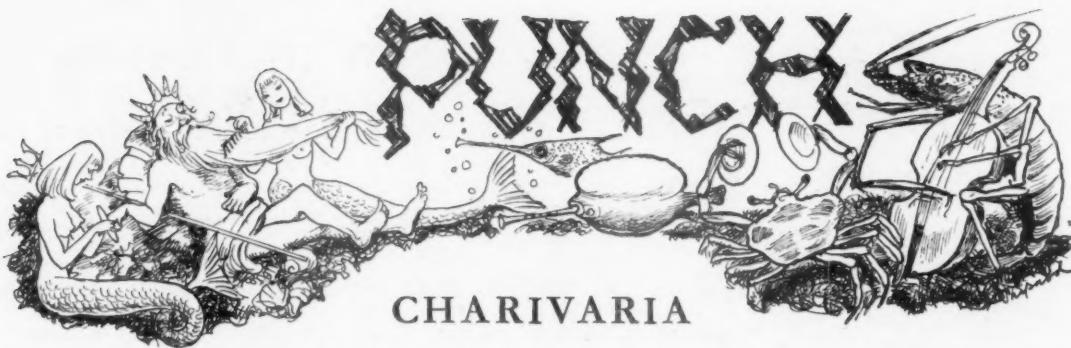
# THAMES BOARD MILLS LIMITED

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BOARD AND PACKING CASES IN BRITAIN

Purfleet, Essex



Warrington, Lancs



## CHARIVARIA

**C**OLONEL GEORGE GRIVAS'S cease-fire order to his Eoka forces, with its cheering suggestion that in future it will only be leaflets and not bombs that are put in Sir John Harding's bed, prompted the slightly cynical to connect the move with the current build-up of British forces in the Middle East. Only the completely cynical assumed that the Colonel would be transferring his men to the Suez Canal Zone.

### More Redundancy

ONE of last week's gossip-writers opened with a poser: "What does a top model do when she is expecting a baby?" Even readers well up in the current vogue of childbirth news could only say what she doesn't do—model maternity wear.

### Knock Twice, Ask for Al

WITH American alcoholics increasing at a rate of 250,000 a year Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, University of Illinois, predicts a wave of Prohibition sentiment by 1965. Long-memoried U.S. citizens, roughly



calculating the number of alcoholics likely to be around by then, agree that only a return to Prohibition will guarantee the chance of getting a drink.

### Tops for Sanctuary

A HUNGARIAN hurdler who finished second in the 120 yds. at the White City announced later that he intends to ask for political asylum in this country. Whether the request would be granted and, if so, whether naturalization would follow is not, of course,

known. But Olympic organizers are keeping a keen eye on this kind of thing, and may drop a strong hint to the Home Office that winners rather than mere runners-up should be given priority.

### More Slices of the Cake

WELFARE State men, after only a decade or so of dedicated effort, had their dream of human equality splendidly realized the other week. A



Suffolk Rural Council, complaining of R.A.F. jets which were all but shaking local residents out of their beds, asked the Air Ministry to prepare a schedule of alternative routes, and thus "spread the nuisance."

### World Quiz

WRITE what you know of the following news personalities of the week:

Abdul Nasution  
G. T. Zaitsev  
Riyad el Mufleh  
Hamidul Huq Chowdhry  
Colonel Kawilarang  
Billy Butlin  
Tawfiq Suwaidi  
Abdul Rahman  
Dr. Subandrio  
Hr. Lange  
Ali Gholi Ardalan  
Murahem Nuri Birgi  
Mahmoud Fawzi  
Dr. Sastroamidjojo  
Lim Yew Hock  
Peter May  
President Sukarno  
Major Salah Salem

### Floating Target

SOME lack of confidence in the staying-power of the Royal yacht is

suggested by the decision to route it round the Cape at the end of the month. After all, the *Britannia* has stood up well to bouncing off the jetty at Barrow-in-Furness, to say nothing of passing unscathed under almost continuous gunfire from the British Press.

### Laughter by the Sea

IT is too early to foresee the repercussions of that raid by policemen and policewomen at Folkestone, where they stormed local shops and seized thousands of comic postcards—except that it seems an ideal subject for a comic postcard.

### No Change

ENTHUSIASTIC newspaper coverage greeted the opening in London of a self-service stationery shop, hailed as a



sign that the help-yourself trend, well established on the other side of the Atlantic, is at last going to boom over here. West End store detectives doubt if they'll notice much difference.

### Hero

ANY disparity between advertising and the commodity advertised dawns on the consumer slowly, and it is in keeping with the breathless character of newspapers that the *Sunday Express* recently closed up the time-lag decisively. Announcing on one page that it was a newspaper for all the family, which "you need not be afraid to let your children read" it passed smoothly to the show business page, where children could read an interview with an actor jailed at various times for vagrancy,

drug-taking and assaulting the police, which ended by saying that he was a nice guy and "if his experiences with the law have helped to make him that way, then please get yourselves arrested."

#### Feed the Brute

BATTLES of the bulge, for so long waged between beauty queens everywhere, may be sliding down to a lower level if there is anything in the recent



prediction that the next erotogenous zone or "focus of sex interest" will be the stomach. Housewives looking up from their hot stoves say that for them it always has been.

#### Keep It

NEW YORK, despite the popular idea, is not always ahead of London. Its new subway cars, in addition to being germ-proofed, dustless, comfortable and odour-free, are to have canned music playing: the Londoner in his germ-laden, dust-thick, jam-packed and smelly Underground at least knows it to be the one place where he can get away from that.

#### No Rarity

QUARANTINED in Regent's Park is an East African gerenuk antelope, officially described as "an extremely curious animal" which, when it "sees something strange will stand motionless and gaze at it for a long time. The slightest movement, however, will send it into a panic." Zoo-goers impatient for their first glimpse can see thousands of substitutes to-morrow at the Oval.

#### Reluctant Hero

*"What's more important, a few more tons of coal or a world title for Britain?"*  
Dai Dower's Manager.

As long as Britain has a winner  
Who wants fuel to cook the dinner?  
Sporting laurels never fade—  
Quite unlike the export trade.  
Other men can serve the Queen  
While Dower's in the Argentine.

## LEVIATHAN WITH AN HOOK

ONLY the basest and most craven of men are, as is well known, willing to be guided by expediency. In Malta there is what is known as a dyarchy—that is to say, two Governments—an Imperial Government responsible for Imperial affairs and a Malta Government responsible for Maltese affairs. What could be fairer and more reasonable than that? And what could be more obvious than that flying-boats which come from distant lands over the sea are Imperial matters and that fish which swim round the coast and keep conscientiously within the three-mile limit are Maltese matters? Fair enough, but then come the questions: when the flying-boats start running into the fish, who is to tell them not to? When the fishermen start drawing out Leviathan with an hook, whose is the jurisdiction if the hook belongs to the Malta Government and Leviathan to the Imperial Government?

It would doubtless have been the job of the Imperial Government to warn the flying-boats to keep away from the fishermen. But both sides are agreed that that is not possible—that the flying-boats have got to land in St. Paul's Bay, where under far less complicated circumstances the Apostle of the Gentiles landed two thousand years ago and

had a date with a viper. Therefore, since the flying-boats could not keep away from the fishermen, the fishermen must keep away from the flying-boats. That was agreed, but what was not agreed was whose business it was to tell the fishermen as much. The Imperial Government started by taking on the job itself and tried to put out a notice to the fishermen over the radio. But Mr. Mintoff, a man of principle, would not stand for that. What the simple-minded opportunist would have thought was that, if Mr. Mintoff agreed that the announcement ought to be made and thought that the Imperial Government ought not to make it, then he would have made it himself. But that would not do for Mr. Mintoff. He remembered his Anglo-Saxon history, where the axe that had slain a man was itself forfeited as dead and destroyed. It was the radio that had sinned and the radio therefore that must suffer. So he went round all the island cutting down all the poles and disconnecting all the radios to make sure that they did not sin again so that no news about flying-boats or anything else could be broadcast.

It is our British duty in Malta, as in every other undeveloped country, to give the people a lot of money in order to raise the standard of living of the underprivileged. We have not, we are told, given nearly enough. But at least we have given some. The Radio-Rediffusion Company was a British Company. If British capital had not put up the radio poles, the Maltese would not have been able to cut them down, and, when we have invested a lot more money, doubtless there will be a lot more things to destroy. Still it does seem clear that there has been a deplorable lack of co-ordination between the rival authorities. Quite a lot of the things which we have built in Malta and, I regret to say, in other parts of the world as well, are things like harbours, which it requires an enormous amount of hard and often highly-skilled work to destroy. What is surely needed is an international conference between the British Government and the Governments of all underprivileged countries to make certain that in future the British erect in such lands only capital works that can be destroyed without difficulty or undue exertion. C. H.





"Feeble Conference . . ."

# Window on the World : An Entertainment

*Music.*

*Titles.*

*FADE IN on an expanse of cloth. Camera pulls back to take in most of INTRODUCER.*

INTRODUCER (*with fruity aplomb*): Well, we begin this week's "Pan o' Drama" on a note of culture. Without further ado I am going to lift this telephone before me and speak to the Mayor of Cricklade.

*A family group of nude statuary appears momentarily, flickers and vanishes. INTRODUCER's face clouds and clears again.*

I can assure you that this is perfectly genuine. You will hear the Mayor of Cricklade actually speaking.

(*Insert*): 1. *The London Telephone Exchange.* 2. *Cricklade Town Hall.* 3. *The Mayor.*

INTRODUCER lifts phone and speaks.

Good evening, your Worship. This is a very great honour, if I may say so. Can you hear?

MAYOR (*thinly, like an assertive duck*): Yes, I'm here.

INTRODUCER (*boyishly*): Jolly good. Now I understand, Mr. Mayor, that your fellow aldermen, way down there in Cricklade, are against your idea of buying the modern sculpture by Ronald Bream, one of our promising younger sculptors, at a figure of eight thousand pounds, which you want to put outside the Town Hall. Is that right?

MAYOR: Yes, that is right. My fellow aldermen are against my idea of purchasing the modern sculpture by Ronald Bream, one of our promising younger sculptors, at a figure of eight thousand pounds, which I want to put outside the Town Hall—

INTRODUCER (*helping*): Down there in Cricklade.

MAYOR: What?

INTRODUCER: Very interesting. Please go on.

MAYOR: — at a figure of eight thousand pounds, which I want to put outside the Town Hall. Though I do not sculpt myself, being fully engaged in the greengrocery . . . (*etc., etc. Reads prepared statement of 2,000 words.*)

*Camera on INTRODUCER, in attitude of alert absorption, with whimsical eyebrow comments where suitable.*

*MAYOR ends, and is heard blowing nose.*

INTRODUCER: Thank you very much, Mr. Mayor. And good night.

MAYOR: What?

INTRODUCER hangs up.

INTRODUCER: Well, there we have it. That's what the Mayor thinks, and jolly good luck to him. But here in the studio —and I may as well thank them, before I forget, for coming along to-night—are the sculptor himself, Mr. Bream, and the well-known art authority, Sir Harold Belly.

(*Insert, close-ups, in wrong order*): 1. BELLY. 2. BREAM.

*Camera pulls back to show immense back-projected photograph of the nude group, with the two experts silhouetted fly-size in the foreground.*

First, Mr. Bream. What can you tell viewers about this very, this how should I put it, unusual group, which has divided the honest folk of faraway Cricklade like a, shall we say almost, sort of latter-day Dreyfus case?

*Camera weaves, then homes on BREAM, a long-nosed young man whose studio composure is so determined that his legs give the impression of being plaited. A sculptor's accent impairs his delivery, as do the cud-like motions of the lower jaw.*

BREAM (*wriggling nonchalantly*): Ungh-er. Well, naturally, I ungh-er. I don't—isn't that really the whole point? If you ungh-er. If you can't see this group as the—I mean, isn't it the conception, after all? I mean, ungh.

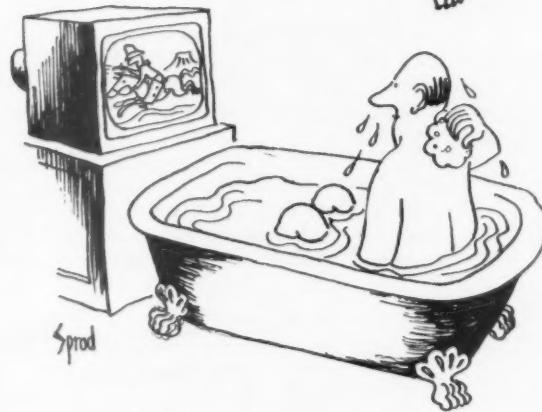
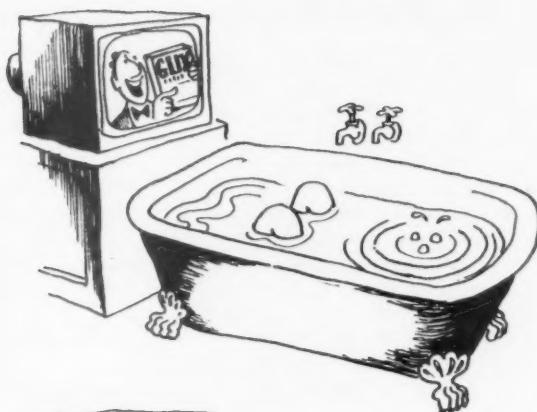
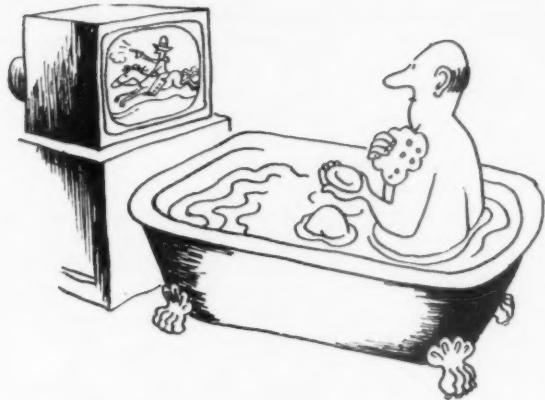
*In the ecstasy of exposition he flings himself out of vision.*

*Camera darts about anxiously and picks up INTRODUCER, stealthily consulting an aide-mémoire in the palm of his hand.*

INTRODUCER (*hurriedly*): Isn't eight thousand rather high?



"Are your ears burning?"



BREAM: Well, I mean, if they think that, all I can say is ungh-er Whistler.

INTRODUCER: Exactly.

BREAM: Or Rodin. If Rodin ungh-er went to Cricklade, don't you see.

INTRODUCER: Just so. Every time.

BELLY'S VOICE (off): Of course, I knew Rodin intimately. When I was struggling young student in Paris—

*Camera pans to the back of BELLY's neck as he cranes round at the huge backcloth.*

INTRODUCER: Sir Harold, will you tell viewers what you, as an artist and critic, think of Mr. Bream's group?

BELLY: — struggling young student in Paris I was always hanging round the Master, as we used to call him. Of course I was painting then; not painting very well, but painting. Rodin was sculpting. Quite a different medium. You know, Rodin used to be extraordinarily fond of chocolate éclairs. I don't suppose you can get them now, and whenever I wanted to get into his studio to see him at work I would buy a big bag of chocolate éclairs—and I hadn't much money in those days, and that's how I used to get round the old darling. Bloody good they were, too.

*Camera, at a loss, zooms in on BELLY's trousers, which don't fit anywhere.*

INTRODUCER: Thank you, Sir Harold, and jolly interesting indeed. And good night to you. Perhaps before we go on viewers would like to take a last look at the cause of all the trouble: Ronald Bream's group, which he has called "Fancy Dress."

(Insert): Cricklade Town Hall.

So there we have it. And now, from Cricklade to Japan. In the studio to-night is Mr. Shumato Moyashito—I hope the pronunciation is correct—a leading Japanese manufacturer who only touched down at London Airport this evening.

(Insert): London Airport.

He is in this country seeking orders for Christmas novelty equipment—if equipment is the right word. And here to interview him is none other than . . .

*Sound track explodes into a long burp.* INTRODUCER continues to speak winningly but noiselessly, like a fish in a tank.

MR. MOYASHITO smiles and bows into the wrong camera. His profile is negligible.

Pan to INTERVIEWER. He examines the nails of one hand briefly and turns his gaze upwards, as if to make sure a microphone won't hit him on the head.

INTERVIEWER: What particularly struck me, Mr. Moyashito, when I heard that I was to have the inestimable pleasure of making what's laughingly called the acquaintance of a Japanese novelty manufacturer on this programme was, I think, that you've really come an awfully long way to sell us paper hats. Don't you agree?

MOYASHITO: Japanese paper hat most excellent, I mean to say, as matter of fact.

INTERVIEWER: My dear man. I don't doubt it. But do you really and truly expect to sell any of the ghastly things?

MOYASHITO: As matter of fact, very cheap, and crackers having a most excellent bang of gunpowder. Christmas happy time for all in Japan.

INTERVIEWER: I'm convinced of it. Absolutely. But I must say, the farther I trudge down this old Vale of Tears, the less I see the connection between paper hats and a certain incident in Nazareth. Do you, Mr. Moyashito?

MOYASHITO: Thank you. Wearing the Japanese hats all very merry at the good event of Christmas.

INTERVIEWER: One last question. What will the British workman think—what's laughingly called the British

workman? Because I've no doubt whatsoever that we have our own hat and cracker factories. Won't they raise a cry of sweated labour?

MOYASHITO: Oh, yes.

INTERVIEWER: But have you any views on that?

MOYASHITO: Oh, yes. Matter of fact, that is just it.

INTERVIEWER: What is?

MOYASHITO: Thank you.

INTERVIEWER: I see. Well, now, I believe the B.B.C., with their inimitable flair for the happy touch, have prepared a little ceremony at this point.

*Camera pans in with two Television Toppers, in thigh-length Father Christmas costume, pulling a small sledge containing a large cracker.*

*Camera tracks in to show the Moyashito trademark, and the words "Made in Japan."*

MOYASHITO and INTERVIEWER pull the cracker. There is no report.

*Fade-out, INTERVIEWER laughing immoderately.*

INTRODUCER: So there we have it. For the last item this evening "Pan o' Drama" turns to an event of, I think I may say, unique significance which occurred last Tuesday in Tibet.

*(Insert): A photograph of the Himalayas, seemingly printed on meat-safe gauze.*

Last Tuesday, workers in Hokeo, a typical Tibetan town of yak's-dung houses, had their first meeting with Mr. Hedgerow Cruet, well-known to viewers of this

programme as the man who spares the B.B.C. no expense to get an interesting human story.

*(Inserts): 1. CRUET, well-shaved but needing the usual hair-cut. 2. A yak.*

Luckily there was room in Mr. Cruet's plane for camera and sound equipment and personnel, and we are therefore able to show you a film record of these Tibetan workers and their exciting and memorable experience. So let's have a look at it, shall we?

*Screen goes blank. Someone off-screen drops a small girder.*

*(Raising voice) Let's have a look at the film. Shall we? A whirring noise. Scraps of anonymous conversation. ("Put it . . . Bert . . . Blast . . . round the other end . . .") A volley of electronic gunfire.*

*Dissolve to FILM.*

*(Film) CRUET in his broadcasting suit, which has the air of being done up on the wrong buttons but in fact isn't. He is holding a microphone under the noses of some Tibetan potash-workers, who are impassive against a blurred background which could be part of Highgate Cemetery. His lips work silently until the sound track catches up.*

*CRUET (with an earnestness almost poignant): —teresting indeed, thank you very, very much. Now let us ask Mr. Ram-Sur-Po-pa something. Tell me, Mr. Ram-Sur-Po-pa, what do you think of the future of the British Commonwealth of Nations?*





RAM-SUR-PO-PA: Definitely.

CRUET (half-crazy with gratitude): Well, thank you very, very, very much indeed for coming along. Most interesting.

*Dissolve to CRUET in the studio, looking out of his eye-corner as if awaiting a sign. He smartly eyes-front.*

I'm sure you'll agree from those interviews that this romantic Central Asian community is highly informed on world affairs. It is important to remember, I think, that this was the first time they had ever been interviewed for television.

I was not able to see the Dalai Lama, as he was working in the palace behind locked doors.

(Insert): 1. *The Dalai Lama's palace, with acknowledgments to the Picture Post Library.* 2. *Some locked doors.*

But the potash workers were avid for political information, and were very interested when I was able to show them a photograph of Earl Attlee.

(Insert): *A laughing portrait of Mr. Hugh Gaitskell.* And as a mark of their gratitude they showed me how they make their famous buttered tea, and I believe we have some film on that.

(Film): *A group of Tibetans, their backs to the camera, doing something unidentifiable.*

As you see, they use brick tea from China, boiling it up in soda water. It is then strained into a churn, when butter and salt are added to taste. Here you see me, enjoying my cup.

(Film): *Close-up of CRUET drinking. His glasses are askew. The picture breaks up into a rapid succession*

*of hieroglyphics lying on their side, apparently done in pressed string.*

To sum up, then, the potash-workers of Tibet are, as you may have noticed, rather below average height, and wear various kinds of hat. Good night.

*Camera pans, revealing to viewers' mild surprise that CRUET and INTRODUCER are seated side by side, elbows touching.*

INTRODUCER: And good night and thank you, Hedgerow Cruet, and a jolly well worthwhile trip, if I may say so. Good night.

CRUET: Thank you. Good night.

*They sit there, trying not to blink, for what seems about four minutes.*

*Camera finally zooms in, isolating INTRODUCER. Elbow of CRUET gets up and goes.*

Music.

Cast.

THE END

J. B. BOOTHROYD

2 2

"The reigning prime irritant in America at the moment—next to that clown Liberace—is a handsome, hefty and unceasingly smiling mid-Westerner called Lawrence Welk . . . He handles an orchestra as Liberace does a piano—with gush from the strings and emotional, exaggerated tremolos from his £2,000 super-accordion . . . Matrons love it. Bandleaders hate it. I'm with the bandleaders, but if you haven't heard Welk yet you might try his *Toy Tiger*, just issued . . ." *News Chronicle*

Talked us into it.



# Strictly Non-V

By H. F. ELLIS

THE gallant, likeable, but diminishing company of non-Viewers (non-V) is in danger of hastening its own eclipse through lack of leadership and a coherent policy. There is a tendency to disintegrate and form splinter groups. It will be a thousand pities if, for lack of a united front and some form of charter or code of behaviour, the fate of the Liberal Party overtakes what ought to be one of the last bastions of sanity and civilization in a frenzied world.

The first essential in any attempt to establish some sort of cold front against the many temptations and potential wedges that threaten the non-V ranks is to determine what is diagnostically non-V and therefore compulsory, and what is irredeemably V and to be abhorred.

*It is V to own a television set.* This may appear to be a self-evident proposition, and for the moment perhaps it is. But it is worth stating, if only because it may not always be so. It is quite possible, for instance, to own a radio set without being a listener (L); indeed a number of people now retain these instruments only to stand flowers on and to set their watches by (see below for *limited use* as a non-disqualification, in certain circumstances, for non-Vdom). The time may come when owners of television sets may similarly pass muster as non-V, provided they successfully avoid the long-term V-indicators referred to later in this paper. But, for the present, all the evidence goes to show that people who have television sets switch them on.

*It is not necessarily non-V NOT to own a television set.* Unfortunately, an increasingly large number of setless persons, once soundly non-V, have taken to visiting their neighbours with such regularity that they have no longer any claim to the old status. They now rate as V-parasites, one of the lowest forms of life known to sociologists.

On the other hand, *it is not necessarily V to visit one's neighbour OCCASIONALLY.* Here we meet the *doctrine of limited use*, which states, in non-technical terms, that non-V people may safely view certain specified programmes or types of programme, without becoming corrupted. An important point that

needs to be settled without delay, perhaps by some form of Joint Committee of non-Viewers, is the precise nature and limits of these programmes. For the moment, it can only be said that it is all right to slip round for cricket or "Look"—and therefore, almost inevitably, for those horses that jump ceaselessly over bars. "Panorama," or any programme involving a panel or game, is hopelessly V.

The doctrine of limited use is of paramount importance for the future of the non-V movement. To refuse *absolutely* to look at television (an attitude which in any case comes unstuck at Coronations) is to become a non-V bore, and opens the way to all those accusations of pig-headedness, ignorance, snobbery, inverted snobbery,

poverty, etc., with which V people attempt to undermine the resistance of the non-V. Just as it is fatally non-U to be consciously U, so it is utterly un-non-V to be aggressively non-V and to go about making a thing of it. We shall never wean people away from their sets, back to the sunlit world of normality, by a rigid, purblind attitude of total abstention.

*V-indicators*, which will continue to operate even if a time comes when mere possession of a set does not *ipso facto* condemn, are:

(1) Starting a conversation among strangers, without preamble and apropos nothing, with a sentence that can have *no meaning whatsoever* except on the assumption that the person addressed also watched last night's programme.



"Sorry it's only £100 for bursting three balloons, but the Government has turned down our £750,000 for cultural activities . . ."

e.g. "That fat man who kept screwing up his eyes and saying 'Or so I should have thought' nearly drove me crazy, didn't he you?"

(2) Replying to conversational openings of this kind without hesitation or any appearance of bewilderment, let alone rage.

(3) A kind of hunched-forward look on sofas.

(4) Slithering the eyes away from the person addressed, as though in search of something more interesting to his left or right.

(5) A tendency to get up abruptly in

mid-sentence and leave for home, as if recalling an important appointment.

*It is non-V:*

(1) to listen quietly while visitors describe and comment at length on last night's programme and then say, with a little air of eager comprehension, "This was on television, was it?"

(2) to use the word "television" in full.

(3) to know nothing whatever, and care less, about all those people whose faces are household articles or very like them.

(4) to have the chairs facing the fireplace.

It is *not* non-V to try to argue V people out of it by telling them they are one degree worse off than the men in Plato's cave who got no nearer reality than a lot of flickering shadows on a wall. This is intolerant, does no good, and merely leads to inquiries about what the non-V man does that is so valuable with the time he would otherwise be spending in front of a television set.

It is non-V, should such inquiries be made, to reply that one reads a good book, goes to the play, or indulges in intelligent conversation. It may not be true, but it is non-V all right.

## Thirdness

AFTER the restless, brash efficiency of the Exhibition proper it was soothing to stumble by chance into the Third Programme Section. You can only stumble into it by chance, because nobody has any clear idea about where it is. Most of the people who venture through the unobtrusive little doorway are actually seeking a place to have a nice sit down, and when they come out they look frightened.

In the entrance hall I found a man

who seemed to be in charge. He sat in the shadow of an unfinished life-size statue of Schopenhauer, absently playing a selection from *L'Histoire du Soldat* on a spinet, and he said he wasn't sure if he was open or not at the moment. He said he kept forgetting. "I believe we were due to open at three," he said, "but something cropped up so we had an interlude. If I were you I'd walk round and see for myself—but be careful things don't fall on your head." He was rather old and sprightly.

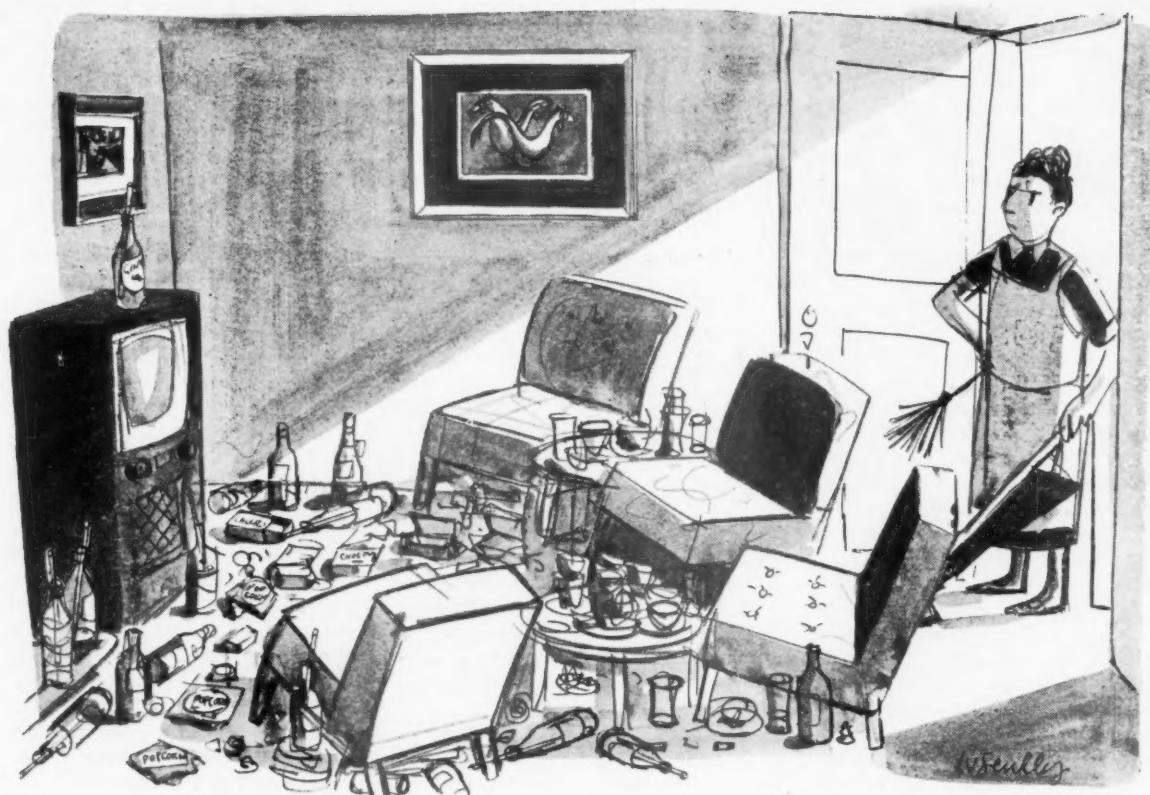
By ALEX ATKINSON

Everything was fairly dusty in the first room, and most of the candles had blown out. Here there was an exhibition of jetsam left by eminent people broadcasting talks. I was pleased to note that it included a walking-stick filled with madeira, some sandwiches wrapped in a page of the *Church Times*, a squarish bowler hat, two stalls tickets for the Palladium, peppermints of various sizes, and a gramophone record labelled "Islanders Mating—Part I."

The next room (through a trap-door and down a ladder) was rather crowded, because the idea had got about that a man was to give a demonstration there of some of the commoner unusual musical instruments, such as kits, seraphines, oboes d'Amore, theorbos and clavicembalos. He didn't turn up, but there was no impatience. We milled about quite happily, exchanging civilized reminiscences, and I won a bet with a little dark girl in a man's raincoat about the number of times *Milk Wood* had been repeated. (Most of them referred to it simply as *Milk*, but fortunately I was *au fait*.) Here too there was a show of photographs and crayon sketches of celebrities. They were not labelled, but an *afficionado* helped me to identify D'Indy, Henry Green, Helmut Krebs, Janacek, a man from Norddeutscher Rundfunk, Vagn Holmboe, Stanislaus Joyce, Alan Pryce Jones, Ernest Element, and Heine. I enjoyed this room very much, for the talk was reassuringly daft after all those years of the Light Programme's cloying pomposity. A man who collected relief maps of Ancient Greece lent me a book about



"This is a 33½ r.p.m. microgroove high-fidelity antistatic L.P. of some Mozart or something."



the twelve-tone scale, and it all reminded me pleasantly of the days when people used to be called highbrows.

In one corner of the next room I found a display of scripts, piled higgledy-piggledy on a sarcophagus. Many were in longhand, and only barely legible. All were decorated with marginal rings where sherry glasses had been set down. One at least (a dissertation, in what I took to be Portuguese, about Russian coinage before the Revolution) bore interpolated stage directions, such as "Pause—big laugh here." These pleasantries I judged to be bogus—light-hearted concessions to the spirit of carnival.

In the fourth room six philosophers sat crowded together in contemporary armchairs, waiting to participate in a debate on Headphones *v.* Loudspeakers. They were eating biscuits, and their conversation was mild, and remote, and precise, and circular. I could not join it, but I felt comforted to know that it still went on. Their words came fading through the air like motes in

sunlight: "ratiocination," and "*a priori*," and "liberalism," and "all due respect." I closed the door quietly on them, fearing at last their cool blue gazes and their knowledge of my id.

I lost all sense of time as I wandered. I could not tell whether I had missed lunch, or dinner, or whether it was Friday. A pleasing confusion dogged my footsteps. Signposts led nowhere. One of Beethoven's posthumous quartets was being played by three separate groups, simultaneously, in different rooms. Some kind of gamble was being organized, presumably as to which of them would finish first, but nobody knew who was selling tickets. I felt that none of the people here had ever caught a train, or heard the six o'clock pips, or been in the least perturbed to find the back stalls full, or agreed with Munnings, or grumbled at the rain, or been impossible when drunk, or joined in the chorus, or sought an autograph, or praised to be polite, or loved a dog. I felt that they were necessary people, and not nearly so fragile as they looked.

When I got back to the entrance hall a youngish man with hardly any hair was giving a talk on "Is Four Hours Long Enough for a Feature Programme?" He did not appear to know the answer, and I was by now too hungry to wait. I just had time, as I went through the door, to notice a Suggestions Box, bearing the motto of the Third ("Quod hoc sibi vult?"). It was exquisitely fashioned, and perfectly useless. There was no slot in it.

B B

"This same Dodge branch of the union wired President Eisenhower for a 50 million dollar grant to provide jobs for the total of 15,000 unemployed Dodge workers from this and other plants of this company in the Detroit area.

On the proposal of an 'investigating committee,' Quinn said: 'Hell, we don't need committees out here to investigate unemployment.'

We got it. It's here. Men and women are starving, face loss of homes, cars, furnishings, televisions." —*Daily Worker*

In that order.

## "Tacgrading"

**T**.A.C. stands for Television Audience Computation. It is the authoritative, scientific method of calculating the "Viewfig" of B.B.C. and I.T.A. programmes—that is, the average percentage audience actually intaking the "Videopab" of the rival channels per screen-hour and screen-minute.

T.A.C. findings are based partly on "Tacmeter" analyses, partly on our own patented method of "Interpoll" (polling by interview). The aggregated results are fed into the "Tacmaster Calcovator," a machine capable of sorting, decoding, registering and classifying upwards of one hundred thousand individual reports per minute.

T.A.C. is normally correct to at least three places of decimals.

The card rate cost per 30 seconds per 1,000 houses reached varied between 28/- in the case of "Spudflake Crisps" and 92/- in the case of "Can-Can Cigarettes." On the whole advertisers are delighted with the results of the first year of commercial TV. Typical comments:

"My Board feel that our weekly 30-second spot helps to keep the workers content. Commercial television is good for industrial relations. Under our neotechnic productive system a line-and-assembly operative may never see the article on which he has laboured, but TV puts him in the picture. He sees his company on the glamorous screen, nudges his wife and says 'Hey, look honey, that's what I make! That's my outfit!' Yes, we are definitely sold on commercial TV."

"Before we advertised on TV we had to employ three thousand five hundred door-to-door salesmen. Now we employ less than fifty. But business is bound to pick up in time. We blame the Squeeze not TV."

"We are reasonably satisfied. But our spot is ruined by being screened just after 'Gun Law.' As chairman of 'Ace' Wedkeller Products I have protested to the Authority, but without success."

By A. B. HOLLOWOOD

"It is nonsense to suggest—as certain economists do—that TV commercials run counter to the Government's economic aims and encourage consumer spending. Our screen adverts. are tasteful and restrained and cannot

35 per cent of viewers turned to I.T.A. out of admiration for Sir K. Clark or Miss Margaret Popham. Typical reason: "Nothing to do with the programmes, I just like the people behind them."

18 per cent believe that I.T.A. represents private enterprise, Western capitalism, Sir Winston Churchill, the Duke of Norfolk and closer friendship with the United States.

3 per cent actually preferred Liberace and "Dragnet."

1½ per cent dislike the *Daily Express* and never, on principle,

follow its lead.

18 per cent enjoy the advertising spots. Typical reply: "How should we know how to spend our money if we weren't told?"

8 per cent were surprised to learn that they had been viewing I.T.A. programmes. "It certainly *looked* very much like the B.B.C. In fact we rang up Broadcasting House to complain."

13½ per cent keep their sets tuned permanently to Channel Nine. "The man told us that too much chopping and changing might damage the tube!"

3 per cent said that Richard Dimbleby involved them in too many "frame-hold" and "vision amplifier" adjustments.

During the middle or peak viewing period (see chart) the B.B.C. programmes won more support, and this in spite of I.T.A.'s attractive films of Diana Dors. Reason: most viewers were excited by B.B.C. breakdown. Some accepted breakdown as providential—got on with ironing, homework, pools, and felt strangely uplifted. Most remained tuned to B.B.C. because "We were desperately keen to see how Mary Malcolm would apologize for the breakdown when the picture was restored."

Viewer-preference during the remainder of the evening is self-explanatory.

Finally in this monthly report we give independent "Tacgrade" views on the

Number of Household in Panel	Size of Viewing Household		Total Available Spending Money per week		Number of Users of Specified Products							
	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	
50	5	17	£13. 10s.	£52. 6s.	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	

Chart 1

therefore be regarded as inducements to spend."

In Chart 1 we show the average net composition ("Tac-hold") of panel households.

- (a) Domiciled (f) Detergents
- (b) Includes TV guests (g) Petrol
- (c) Actual Income (h) Toothpaste
- (d) Hire Purchase Power (i) Crisps
- (e) Nitrates (j) Pills
- (k) Food

Chart 2 shows how viewers in the London Area tuned their sets on a typical evening.

From the two sections it will be seen that the I.T.A. programmes were pre-

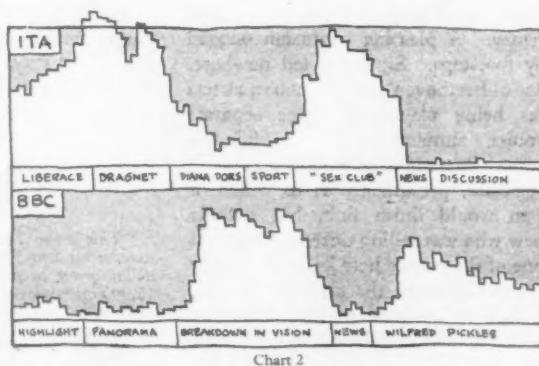


Chart 2

ferred by the vast majority of viewers during the early pre-zero part of the evening, and the "Tacoscope Purchaser" analyzes the preference in the following manner:

"Best Five" commercials. The adjudication reflects the considered opinions of a wide sample of viewers, each "spot" being awarded marks for aesthetic content, cultural significance, entertainment value and selling power. This month's winners then are:

Candinuts  
Stayup Chemicals  
Higginson's Yeast  
Gloze  
Plastogrip Car Covers

Candinuts. "The bit where the Hula girl climbs up the tree in her grass skirt to get a coconut for the 'Candinuts' agent is terrific. My family love the jingle and we now sing it right through whenever we are feeling down in the dumps." (Mrs. Sheila Fox, Islington.)

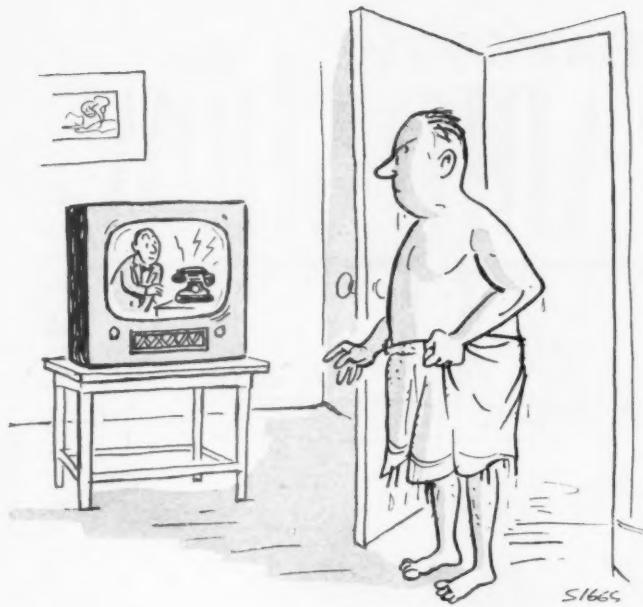
Stayup Chemicals. "My husband was Labour until he saw this spot. Now his one ambition is to get Lord Salisbury's autograph." (Mrs. Champion, Enfield.)

Higginson's Yeast. "Y-E-A-S-T! Every time we see those five girls with the letters on their tummies we know we are going to be thrilled! Dad always jokes about the second from the right. His type! Anyway, we all take Higginson's now with every meal." (J. T. Schwinger, Putney.)

Gloze. "I like Gloze ads. because they are different. Old churches and ruins aren't much in my line but when we're conducted over them by Ruby and Alma they certainly spring to life. We buy lashings of 'Gloze.' The bathroom cabinet's full of it." (Elsie Corvin, Dorking.)

Plastogrip Car Covers. "As a senior executive I like to see things ship-shape, and that's exactly what the 'Plastogrip' ads. are. A good idea to back the picture with Elgar. One slight criticism: there's a scene where the baby pours a vacuum flask of nitric acid over the back seat and mother says 'Don't worry, John, Plastogrip takes hard wear in its stride!' It is not quite clear whether she is addressing the baby or her husband (driving), and the momentary uncertainty distracts the viewer's attention from the clever sign-off jingle." (Captain R. N. Maydown, W.C.)

Further copies of this Tacgrading Report, one guinea, can be obtained direct from Loughborough Junction or from your nearest TAC dealer.



## Sensation, Latest

I HAVE no feeling, when the Feelies come,  
That we  
Will know the B.B.C. has changed much—some  
Adjustments in strategical formation

In the  
Mysterious chasms of the Corporation—

A new Director of the Unspoken Word

To plan

*Unusual Sensations* for the Third,  
Pats for our doggy friends and *Fondled Ears*,  
For man,  
Proud man, half-hours of *Other People's Tears*.

But we ourselves will change, when the whole nation

Can plug

Its censored senses into one sensation,  
Feel on each palm the announcer's practised grip,  
Or hug  
The ageing starlet at the landing-strip.

When experts start to talk about "Pure feeling"

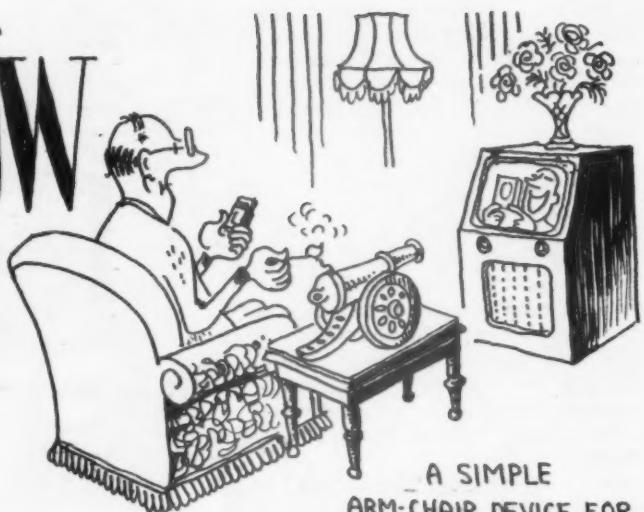
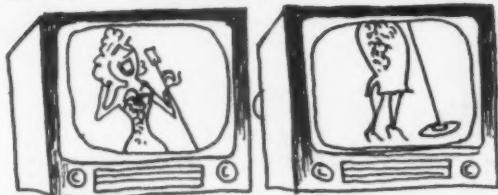
We'll know

Infirmity is now our only healing:  
O may I then be numbered with the numb,  
That, so,

I have no feeling when the Feelies come.

PETER DICKINSON

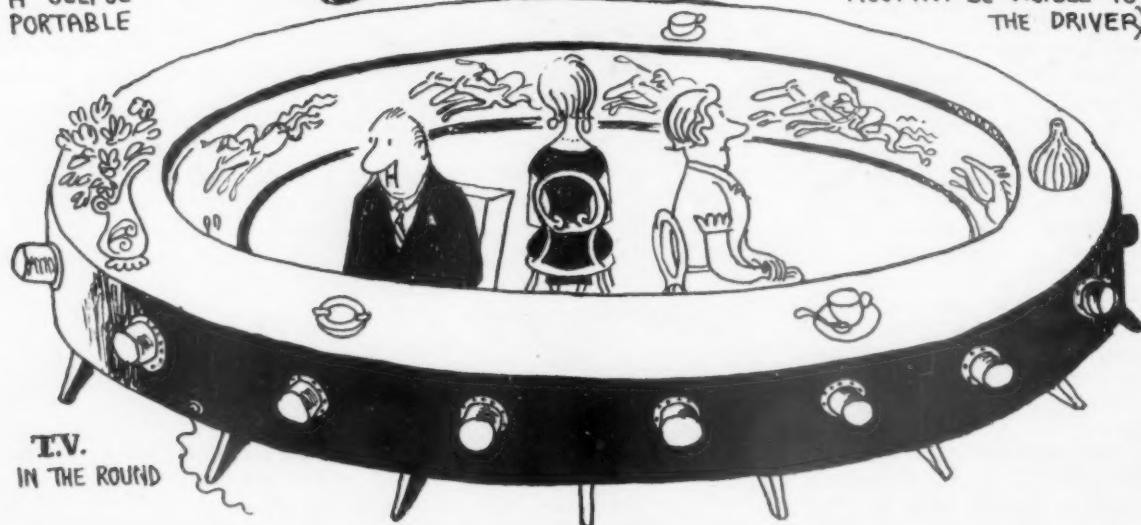
# WHAT'S NEW at the RADIO SHOW



A SIMPLE  
ARM-CHAIR DEVICE FOR  
TURNING OFF THE COMMERCIALS



CAR TELEVISION IS  
NEWS—(REGULATIONS  
INSIST THAT THE SCREEN  
MUST NOT BE VISIBLE TO  
THE DRIVER)



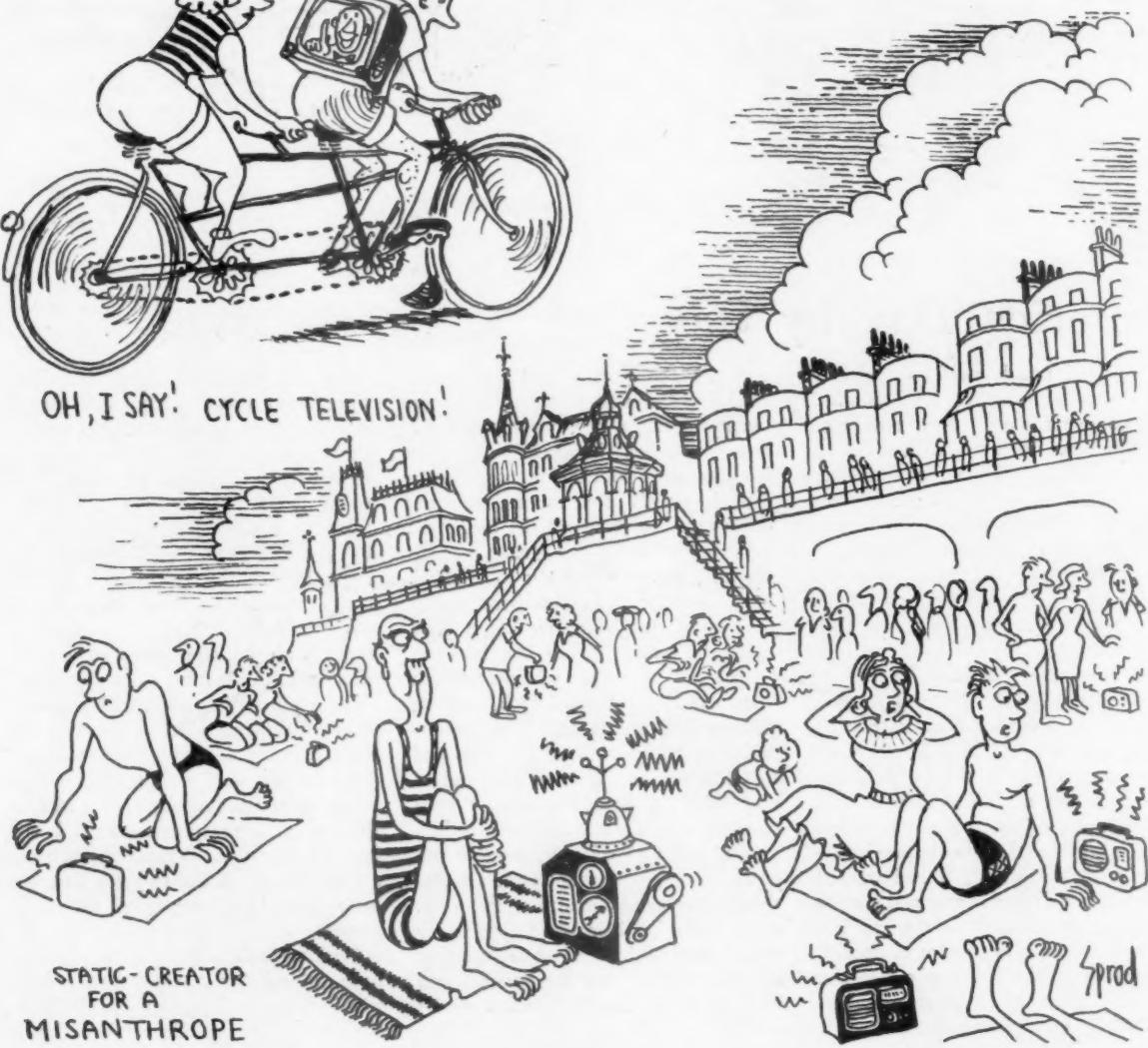
T.V.  
IN THE ROUND



ANIMALS' TELEVISION  
SHOULD PROVE A BOON FOR PETS IN WET WEATHER



OH, I SAY! CYCLE TELEVISION!



STATIC-CREATOR  
FOR A  
MISANTHROPE



## America Day by Day

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

I WISH people would occasionally listen to one and not let their minds go drifting off. It is now some months since in a powerful article in these pages I warned the authorities that something would have to be done about New York's pigeons, or a tense situation would develop. What steps have been taken? No steps. And what is the result? Pigeons have got out of hand and are starting to throw their weight about.

All over the country there are restaurants called the Howard Johnson restaurants, so termed because they are owned and operated by a Mr. Howard Johnson ("Howie" to his friends). There is one at 245 Broadway, just across from the City Hall, and the other day the lunchers there were surprised—though why surprised? I had warned them—to see a pigeon enter and start to fill up at the counter in the window where there were open bins of pecans, walnuts, pistachios and jumbo cashews. Its tastes appeared to be catholic. It would hoist up a pistachio and lower it into its interior and then waddle along

and try the pecans and the jumbo cashews, and this went on for some twenty minutes and would probably have continued indefinitely had not Mr. Benjamin Meltzer, manager of the establishment's ice cream and nut department, approached the bird from behind, not letting a twig snap beneath his feet, and enveloped it in a towel. He released it on to Broadway, and it flew away sluggishly, puffing a good deal. "To-night," said Mr. Meltzer, "I got to clean out the window and put in new nuts, a three-hour job," adding with some bitterness that he had worked in Howard Johnson's for six years and this was the first time he had had to wait on a pigeon. The bird, I need scarcely say, left without paying the bill.

This is just a beginning, the thin end of the wedge, as it were. Unless something is done and done promptly to put these birds in their place (preferably with a baseball bat) we shall be going into the Colony and Le Pavillon and finding that pigeons have booked all the best tables.

Well, Father's Day has come and

gone, and the male parents of America have been done pretty well on the whole in the way of gifts. No doubt a good many of them, as the result of nation-wide television plugging by a safety razor company, now find themselves up to the second waistcoat button in razor blades, but against this must be set the fact that a rubber company in Akron, Ohio, has produced—specially for fathers—an automobile tyre "with built-in peace of mind," while a Fifth Avenue store celebrated the day by coming along with a photograph of Whistler's father. About time, this. If ever a deserving performer was deprived of star billing and shoved down among the wines and spirits it is the bottom of the programme it is the late Mr. Whistler. It has come as quite a shock to the public to learn that the artist ever had anything except a mother.

Harking back to that pigeon, you will have noticed that it was not on a diet, which makes it stand out sharply from the rest of the populace. Everybody here is on a diet of some kind, and a

prominent chef has complained in a letter to the press that Americans have heard so much about what not to eat that they have become afraid of eating anything. What with Fletcherism, the Hay diet, the Hollywood diet, the Gayelord Hauser diet, yoga, raisins for iron, yeast for pimples, yogurt for the intestinal flora and bran for bulk, and all the talk about vitamins and minerals, proteins and enzymes, chlostral and blood sugar, the old-fashioned diner who squared his elbows and put his head down and dug in and got his has virtually died out. If the Howard Johnson pigeon has done something by its example to lead America back to better ways, it will not—though it seems a strange thing to say about a pigeon—have lived in vain.

Of interest to British farmers is the news from Paradise, Nebraska, that the local agricultural school has discovered

that if pigs are given eight drinks of bourbon whisky a day they "acquire an optimistic view of life." Mr. John B. Fosdyke, a member of the staff of the school, says they develop a strong liking for the stuff and "get very cheerful." Does one or does one not purse the lips and shake the head? It all turns, it seems to me, on what is implied in that word "cheerful." Naturally pig lovers like their pigs to look on the bright side—a pig that goes about wrapped in a sort of Byronic gloom can cast a shadow on the happiest farm—but one does not want them getting over-familiar with strangers and telling long stories without any point. And what of the morning after? I can see a Paradise pig being the life of the party all through Monday up to closing time, and on Tuesday just sitting in a corner with its head in its hands and contributing nothing to the feast of reason

and flow of soul. This will be intolerable, for there is no companion more depressing than a pig with a really bad hangover. Paradise should watch its step.

It has been well said that there is always something doing in Bad Axe, Michigan. London has its excitements, so have Paris and New York, but Bad Axe is probably the only place where you can get knocked down in the street by a flying cow. This was what happened the other day to Mrs. Janet Whittaker, sixty-two. She was sauntering along in a reverie, thinking of this and that, and suddenly this cow. It had been set in motion, apparently, by a passing car, and it hit her amidships, causing, so says the report, minor abrasions. She was not greatly perturbed. After a sharp "Who threw that cow?" she speedily regained her poise. When you live in Bad Axe, Michigan, nothing surprises you very much.

## The Edinburgh of the West

By LORD KINROSS

refurbishing them to kill the echoes of an Edwardian slump with the reverberations of a mid-century musical boom.

In Aspen, lying on the western flank of the Great Continental Divide, it is chamber and orchestral music, together with symposia on "The Great Ideas of Western Man." (The Idea of Truth, Freedom and the Idea of Historical Inevitability, Does Original Thought Operate in Contemporary American Democracy?) In Central City, lying on the eastern, it is drama and opera, graduating, as time has gone on, from

Lillian Gish in *La Dame aux Camélias* and Mae West in *Diamond Lil*, to Ibsen and Shakespeare, Verdi and Strauss, Gilbert and Sullivan, and now to *Tosca* and the world *première* of a new ballad opera, destined to ring right around it—who knows, even to the wilds of Edinburgh itself—*The Ballad of Baby Doe*.

Aloof on the plain lies Denver, the Mile High City (from the sea, not the ground) content, in its great amphitheatre, carved like that of Delphi from the red rocks on the flank of a neighbouring mountain, to listen, 8,000-strong, to Liberace; but prepared, like the burghers

*Denver, Colorado.*  
CULTURE has invaded the Rockies. The quaking of aspens and the rushing of streams on the mountainside, thundering of hoofs and lowing of steers in the arena of the Rodeo, are accompanied, from beneath the flaps of a mammoth tent, by melodies from the strings of a Mozart quartet and the flutes of a Haydn symphony. The more ragged strains of arpeggios and arias ring out over the swimming pools from the open windows where zealous aspirants practise; and in the still Victorian pubs of Aspen, where cowboys and gentlemen dressed as cowboys hobnob to the sound of the juke-box, a man at the bar whistles, without shame, the Emperor Concerto.

Culture has come to the Wild Woolly West, to those mountains of the Silver and Gold Rush, resounding with names like Leadville and Russell Gulch, Black Hawk, Golden and Cripple Creek; a soil made sacred by the grave of Buffalo Bill ("On a mountain crest and I've felt the thrill, Which he must have felt, as I saw below, The prairies wide of his long ago") and the Shrine of the Sun to Will Rogers. Culture—with a strong dash of Victorian nostalgia—is re-peopling its abandoned mining villages,



of Edinburgh, to sponsor even higher things, from the substantial resources of silver and gold which survived the crash to become handy packets of banknotes. Nor is the early pioneer spirit dead. A shop on the street corner sells Geiger counters, as an alternative to fishing-rods, for a week-end in the mountains. A Uranium Rush may yet be seen.

Meanwhile gold, or the ghost of it, broods over the winding mountain road to the once mining village of Central City. "Pan for Gold," invites a roadside notice to tourists. "See Gold Recovered. Operate an Ore Crusher. Visit the Bobtail Tunnel, with its 37 Miles of Underground Workings." A notice outside the (disused) bank proclaims that it was opened on gold dust. A street-seller is raffling a (disused) gold mine for charity, for twenty-five cent tickets. Shops sell, for a few shillings a nugget of gold ore, together with such treasures as rose quartz, pitchblende, pyrites and uranium ore. A gas station goes so far as to offer a nugget free to the motorist who will buy its gas. So are the mighty fallen, from earth to earth, from the Matchless Mines of the Rocky Mountains to the underground vaults of Fort Knox.

The Chain o' Mines Hotel has a chimneypiece fashioned not merely from silver and gold but from all Colorado's minerals. "Tour Mining Area. Visit Ghost Towns. Scan Breath-taking Vistas," invites a line of red jeeps, driven by top-hatted, top-booted, frock-coated youths, wearing "Prospector ties" like bootlaces. Regaining his breath between vistas, the visitor may be photographed at a roadside café in a buggy or astride a stuffed bucking bronco ("The West still lives"); or he may shed a tear over a donkey harnessed with "the saddle of Dead-Eye O'Hara."

Back in the city on the ironically-named Eureka Street, he may visit an exhibition called the Winning of the West, or "the oldest drug store in Colorado," tempting him with "kerosene lamps, old pharmaceutical bottles and other curiosities," even "reproductions of old-fashioned trivets." Next door he may find refreshment in The Grubstake Inn, disguised as a mine, complete with pit-props and curtains of dirty old sacking. Down the street he may be photographed on a Victorian tin-type in "the authentic costume of the Gold Rush era—a token of By-gone Days."

The by-gone days survive with a

newcome honkety-tonk in a variety of bars with Victorian décor, featuring such amenities as an old music-box (c. 1900), "the only original swinging doors in the county" and "an old pot-bellied stove and kopper kettle still in use." They range from the Glory Hole, dedicated to Diamond Lil, with candles in bottles on the tables and a Can-Can dancer "Bottoms Up" on the ceiling, to the classy Teller Hotel, all mahogany and plush, gasoliers and lace curtains, boasting a mirror backed with diamond dust and a pavement which was paved with silver bricks for the visit of President Grant. On its desk is an hotel register, lying open at June 1904; on its bar-room floor "The Face upon the Floor," painted there by a stranger crossed in love—a tragedy duly recorded by the author of *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*:

*Another drink, and with chalk in  
hand, the vagabond began  
To sketch a face that might well buy  
the soul of any man;  
Then, as he placed another lock upon  
the shapely head,  
With a fearful shriek he leaped and  
fell across the picture—dead.*

"She ate her burgers here," reads a go-ahead notice. She was Baby Doe, the opera's heroine, a "blue-eyed

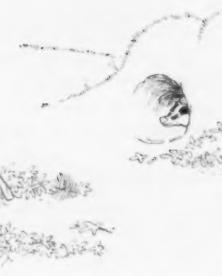


darling" of doubtful virtue, who captured the heart of the moustachio-ed Horace Tabor, Colorado's gold and silver king, leading him to abandon Augusta, his stern Victorian wife, and marry her in splendour in Washington. When he lost his fortune with the abandonment of the Silver Standard Augusta had her revenge, but the loving Baby Doe stood by him until his penurious end, herself dying many years later, a forgotten old crone, in a shack by his derelict Matchless Mine. Its book, written wittily by John La Touche (confused by one bewildered operagoer, with *La Tosca*), its music, ranging tunefully from operette to grand opera, by Douglas Moore, the opera is a romantic tale both of love and of money, hence assured, in its lush "Gay 'Nineties" setting, of a welcome far and wide.

All-day festivities preceded the first performance. Post horses raced across the mountains in a "Pony Express," as in by-gone days, the victor being rewarded with a gold cupful of silver dollars by Miss Kim Novak, wide-eyed and white-headed with innocence, looking a trifle scared as she rewarded both rider and horse with "a real big Hollywood kiss." Television cameras recorded the incident, the announcer, in a morning-coat and a *Daily Mail* hat, refreshing himself from a bottle of soft fizz as a kilted clown disported himself in the gutter and ladies in bustles and feather boas walked the pavement. Next, boys and girls danced down the street into the livery stables, there tripping, amid covered waggons and ploughs, into the steps of a square dance, reminiscent at once of English lancers and Scottish reel, performed to the music of a fiddle and a voice at a microphone.

As dusk fell there appeared, floodlit at the head of a rocky slope, a flight of hand-picked débütantes, graceful in crinolines with posies of rosebuds and lace, who floated serenely downward, one by one, to be welcomed on a lawn by frock-coated, top-booted ushers, and conveyed, arm-in-arm, to the door of the theatre. Here presently, as the television cameras whirred, a waggonette drew up, from which the Governor of Colorado descended to open the door of the opera house with a massive golden key. After a series of orations the audience, ladies and gentlemen from

Denver and critics from distant New York, were admitted to their seats and the cameras turned on them from the stage, portraying a profusion of orchids and white fox, silks and diamonds, sharkskin and gold. Throughout the performance, fanning themselves with golden programmes, they laughed and cried and applauded and cheered, some murmuring with eager reminiscence of the days when their grandmothers had cut Baby Doe in Mr. Tabor's own Windsor Hotel. To mark the triumphant close a rain of carnations fell on the stage, scattering attar of carnations over all the ladies and gentlemen.



Afterwards they repaired to a gorgeous reception, or slunk to the candlelit shadows of the Glory Hole, its proprietress fresh from the opera in diamonds and lace—surely Diamond Lil in person.

2 2

### *The Phænix*

THE Phænix is a Fancy Bird,  
A pyrotechnic Hero  
Reduced from time to time to Ash,  
But never quite to Zero.

E. V. BOOTH

## Ceilidh

By CLAUD COCKBURN

**I**N my view, what we have here is a trend, and little good is likely to come of it. Last year, or the year before, it was some Irish family—the O'Malleys I think—who had a castle somewhere in the west and got, or sought to get, O'Malleys from far and wide to gather there and act clannish. Now it's the MacLeods, packing as thick as slum-dwellers into the Isle of Skye watching press cameramen and tourist agents in their quaint traditional costumes perform their ritual ceremonies, and telling one another that ignorant lout from Los Angeles has his kilt on upside down and doesn't even know how to pronounce ceilidh. (The correct pronunciation is of course ceilidh.)

Even before the show started the Clan MacLeod Society of America, Inc. (it is a quaint old tradition of the American

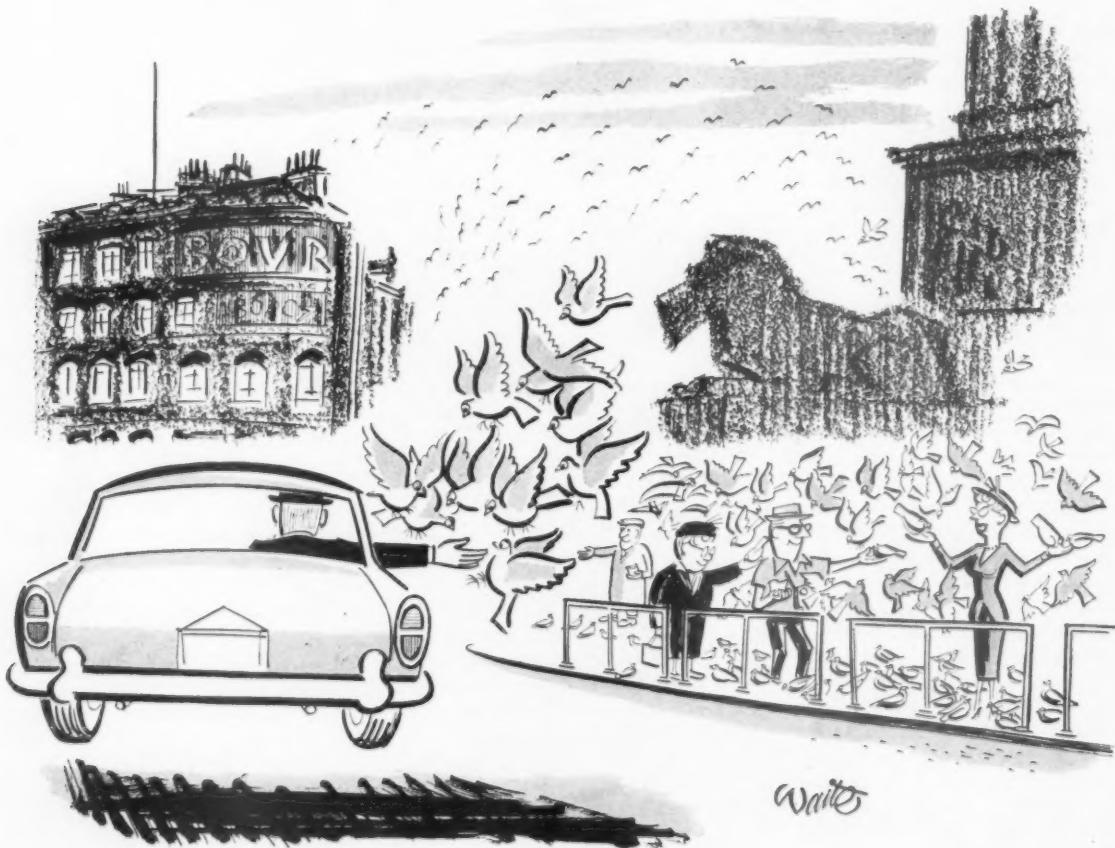
MacLeods to turn themselves into a Company and may have something to do with ancient practices in relation to income tax) was riven with dissension over the kilt question and had to get a draper from Edinburgh to dash over and sort the thing out.

Nor is that at all surprising, since everyone who has attended even the most medium-sized wedding, funeral or other occasional get-together of normally unseen relatives knows the amount of rage, bitterness, disappointment and mutual contempt which can be engendered when a mere handful of second cousins suddenly find themselves jostling about in the same church or champagne tent.

E. g., one of the biggest family gatherings previous to this MacLeod affair was that which took place at

Argos, Greece, some unknown time ago. It made front-page legend at the time, and such was the public outcry against the goings-on that for years after that this type of get-together was simply not done.

The way I get the story, it started with a family row at Chemmis, Egypt, between twin brothers Danaus and Ægyptus who were of course the popular sons of Belus, popular King of Egypt at the time. Deciding that Egypt was too small for the two of them, Danaus—who had fifty charming and universally popular daughters—moved with his family to Argos. Saying to himself that in these days a King (he had become King of Argos) ought to interest himself in technical advance, increasing production, etc., etc., he gave the Argives a big lead in



well-construction which was just what the country needed.

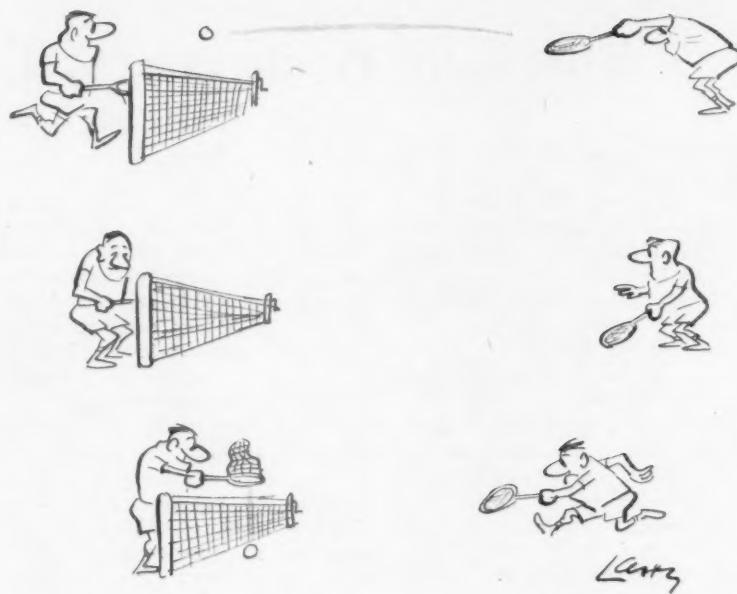
So far, so good, and all would have been well had not the *Ægyptus* branch of the family become imbued with what one can only describe as a kind of MacLeodism, an incontrollable itch to bring the family closer, have banquets, ceilidhs and dancing round the bonfire.

Yielding to this strange impulse, the sons of *Ægyptus*—there were fifty of them in all—made the trip to Argos, where their arrival disgusted Danaus, who was not at all the MacLeod type and made it perfectly clear that he wished his nephews would go right back where they came from. They said "Nonsense," and furthermore, they said, the next thing they were going to do by way of cementing family ties was to marry all their first cousins.

They were fifty to one against Uncle Danaus and he said "All right, if that's the way you want it." But then, in the biggest outburst of anti-MacLeodism on record, he went out and bought fifty knives, gave one to each of the fifty charming débutantes, and made them promise that on the marriage night each would fatally stab husband.

There was multiple crime at palace all right, all except one of the girls obeying father's instructions to the letter. Nobody got much good out of the reunion, because to begin with the forty-nine murderesses became unpopular and could only get married—according to Pindar's column—by being offered as prizes for the winners of various athletic events, and in any case they were condemned to spend the rest of their lives trying to fill bottomless jars with water.

Naturally there are some wide divergences between the situation at Argos and that existing at Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, and everyone hopes that no unpleasant consequences will follow upon Dame Flora's initiative. The fact remains that it is a very rash thing to have done, and not the least grave of its aspects is that all this talk of pipers and quaffing of claret from bulls' horns may lead to widespread imitation of the dangerous practice, with Smiths and Kellys and Cohens suddenly dropping whatever they are doing and upsetting the balance of payments by trekking half across the world to one or other of their ancestral seats and starting to play traditional instruments.



Besides, what exactly does this MacLeod thing prove? For a start, it reminds everyone that if the Jones's chose to do the same thing they could do it on a far bigger scale. You couldn't get all of them on to a place like the Isle of Skye, and, what's more, they wouldn't thank you to try.

There is no end to the risks involved in any attempt of any kind to get in touch with relatives. I see that among the items on the agenda of the MacLeod spree was the discussion of plans for "ancestry research." I can hardly imagine a more hazardous undertaking. Before it goes much further I would like to tell these good people of what happened to a very haughty family I once knew in Chicago.

They got bitten with the idea of

"ancestry research" too, and they advertised in the Irish newspapers for news of any relatives they might have in the Old Country.

They got news all right. One of their immediate forebears had been hanged, another was well-remembered in the village where he had long resided as a two-faced traitor who had repeatedly sold himself for English gold during Ireland's struggle with the British, and the third was a disreputable girl in Boston who was sent a copy of the advertisement from Ireland and came to Chicago and blackmailed them by threatening to sell her life story to the newspapers.

And she didn't look like a girl you could fob off with a mere ceilidh, either.

## Scots Wha Ha'e

*Mr. Moray McLaren has administered a sharp reproof to those citizens of Edinburgh who make a point of "going away for the Festival."*

SCOTS, wha ha'e for Culture bled!  
Scots, wha ha'e Edina fled,  
Welcome to your board and bed  
Fair Terpsichore!

Now's the day, and now's the hour!  
See the brows o' Bloomsbury lower!  
See approach the finest flower  
O' Modernitie!

Devotees o' ilka Muse!  
Lassies a' in tightsome trews!  
Bearded callants airin' views  
On Melpomene!

Wha could be a Philistine?  
Wha could blink at sights sae fine?  
For the sake o' Auld lang syne  
Come and bide a wee!

E. V. MUNNER

## The Four Feathers : A. E. W. Mason

## I

THE General's Crimean night had come round again, and the rafters rang with death.

His fourteen-year-old son, Harry, had been allowed to sit up and enjoy it all: the cries and the wounds, the maddened riderless chargers and fellows writhing in the smoke of cannon fog, who seemed now in the very room.

These were men. But had there never been—others?

"Wilmington!" jerked the General, "fine old name—remember his place in Warwickshire? Yet the rumour grew. If it was whispered at Alma, it was spoken aloud at Inkerman, shouted at Balaclava. And dammit, before Sebastopol the hideous thing was proved, Wilmington was galloper to his general: only three hundred yards of bullet-swept ground to gallop—and he refused! You should have seen the general's face, the colour of that Burgundy. 'No doubt, you have a previous engagement,' he said—just that. A previous engagement on the battlefield! I couldn't help laughing. No joke for Wilmington, of course. He slunk back. Every door was closed. The very women in Piccadilly spat at him. Shot himself off the Haymarket. Funny when you come to

think of it. Ha! ha! ha!—Well, my boy, bed-time: sleep well."

## II

Thirteen years later—ill omen—Harry Feversham's health was drunk again, by three brother officers to whom he had announced his engagement. But would it make any difference to the Service? Trouble was brewing in Egypt.

Came a knock at the door. Telegram! Harry read it, and looked grave.

"No answer," he said at last, and fell to silence again.

The crumpled pink paper was tossed into the fire; but the fire, like a live thing, took hold of it, lay it open and smoothed it of creases so that two or three words sprang out "... tell Trench ..." Captain Trench, reading them, wondered what, and determined secretly to find out.

That night, while others slept, Harry sent in his papers.

## III

"I saw this morning that your regiment was ordered to Egypt; you could have gone if I hadn't come in the way; I am sorry," said Ethne Eustace—how the name suited her!—as they danced at their engagement ball.



After the waltz they drifted into the hall.

"The post has come in," she said, holding out a little cardboard box, so light it seemed to be empty. Harry opened and shook it. Three white feathers fluttered down to the floor, where they lay like flakes of snow upon the dark boards. They were not whiter than Harry Feversham's cheeks.

"What can it mean?" she asked. "Who sent them?"

"Here are three cards, from officers of my old regiment."

"Were they—justly sent?"

"Yes."

With a whirr and a rattle her engagement ring hit the table. He picked it up.

"These, too," said Ethne, "are yours; won't you take them?"

She was pointing with her fan to the feathers. Now there were four.

Harry gathered them into his pocket-book.

## IV

He was a pariah.

Alone, while they raced through the streets with tidings of General Drury-Lowe's Cavalry, he sat in the club with his face working over a whisky and potass.

What if he could compel Trench and the others to take back, each in turn, the feathers they had sent? And would she, whose ostrich plume had been the unkindest of all—would Ethne wait?

So the plan, the secret preparations for Egypt, were started.

On a wild dark night he left for Calais.

## V

A Greek in the white city of Suakin, keeping his ears open, heard at last of a Gordon letter, a single sentence scribbled, that had floated down the Nile to rest in a well in Berber. He would recover it!

Foolhardy enterprise? But then the Greek chanced to be Harry Feversham.

## VI

In far-off Khor Gwob, wearing a patched jubbah, an Arab crouched under desert suns . . . Harry Feversham; and meanwhile his best friend, Durrance, knowing nothing of the disgrace (since he had left immediately with his

regiment), went back on leave and met Ethne with a violin.

"Will you, perhaps, play the Melusine overture?" he asked. "Ever since, five years ago, I heard the music of your strings I have loved you . . . My dear, I am for you; you are for me."

But "No" she replied; and at that moment an Arab, rising from the ground, walked into impassable Berber through the gates.

## VII

Ethne waited. Ethne grew tired of waiting, and accepted Durrance in a letter, which had to be read to him, since he had just gone blind. Such things happen.

He came home; and seeing him—but not he her—she said I love you. But what would the violin say? He listened with a much sharpened rapture. It spoke of passion; but what he did not know was that she had at that instant received news of Harry, and was really playing for him: now a demented zither-plucker, captured by dervishes and picking out that same Melusine

overture over the howl of whips within the zareba.

One feather, at the sight of the sodden Gordon letter, had already been returned. Another, from a fellow-captive, at the moment delirious, very soon would be. The third sender was dead: thus saving further trouble, or—as you looked at it—putting the cross of fate against undoing what's done.

## VIII

However, irretrievably tanned and two-thirds redeemed, he came back to write a history of the war in six volumes. (That Gordon letter.)

He married Ethne, who willingly took back the ostrich plume into her fan. Poor Durrance went on a voyage up the Nile, listening where once he had looked; and all he heard was the exploits of one Harry Feversham.

The happy couple breed fast: heroes, no doubt, and soon, with 1914, the real feather season will be starting. Meanwhile the old General's Crimean nights have been resumed; and it is Harry who



"By the way, you chaps—how's your rifle drill?"

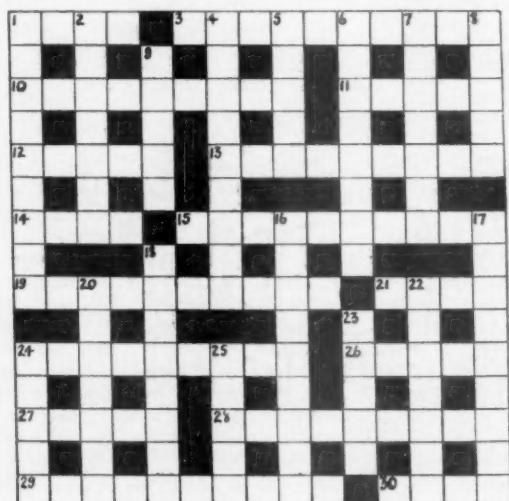
talks, of hazardous exploits, of the pinch of famine and the scorch of sand, of unspeakable torture, of death lingering or sudden, in clipped, matter-of-fact tones.

G. W. STONIER

## Radio Crossword

## ACROSS

- Yours truly, this tear-jerker might sign her fan mail. (4)
- Sultry singer with the world not at her feet but at the other end. (6, 4)
- Whereby you can hear discs and their jockeys. (9)
- Hardly the way to refer to a celebrated pianist's hands. (5)
- Her appearance on any programme is problematical. (5)
- Enough to moither a saint, but it doesn't last long. (5, 4)
- Polygamist's unhappy habitat for a folk singer. (4)

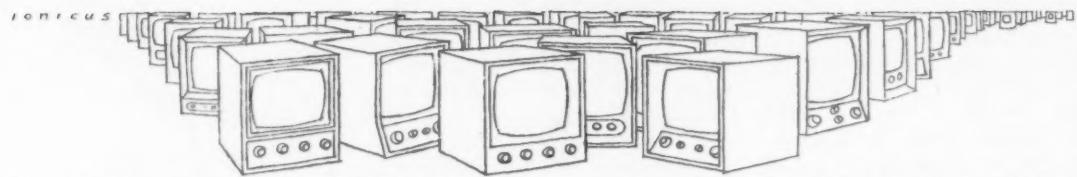


*Solution next week.*

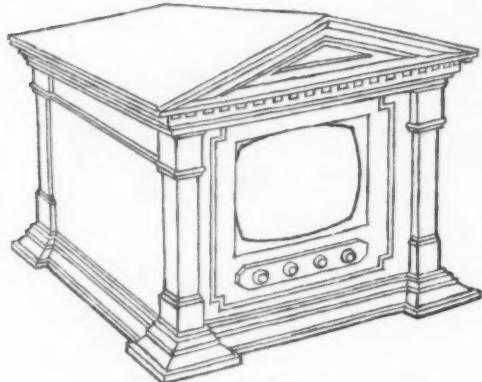
- When things rift, going all wrong, as every actor knows. (5, 5)
- They survey mankind from China to Peru on the air. (10)
- Originator of radio comics' line "Brother, you slay me"? (4)
- Observations with extensive views do the same as 19. (9)
- "What conjuration" etc., as David Nixon might say. (5)
- "Our Federal—: it must be preserved," as the V. A. F. might echo Andrew Jackson's toast. (5)
- Chief targets of guessing game? You're on the right track. (4, 5)
- They play fast and loose. (5, 5)
- From them come gusts of applause. (4)

## DOWN

- I'll say custom can stale them. (9)
- How spokesmen transmit their talks. (7)
- Time for a *morceau* of Debussy. (5, 4)
- Time for a bit of music. (5)
- Checking, not picking, the talents. (8)
- Hint of one of the Ink Spots. (8)
- Set at unconventional standards by some radio performers. (5)
- Played by 29 on Moscow Radio. (5)
- Desist if a punchdrunk listener has had enough. (9)
- Stale sect in schism put on TV items—religious controversy, perhaps? (9)
- This, on the TV screen, does not always do so. (8)
- Down at the Ferry Boat, for example. (3, 4)
- Want to give the crooner a bouquet? Arrange a big one. (7)
- Fans get a twisted one out of Bernard Miles. (5)
- A Conservative in the water with the ducks? Sounds like my wildest dream, but it gets my money. (5)
- Her obtrusion is illegal in Mass. (5)



*Since television sets are so very similar in appearance some variety might be attained by commissioning designs by*



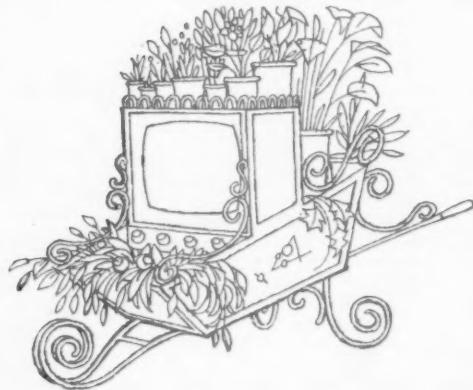
*... Professor A. E. Richardson ...*



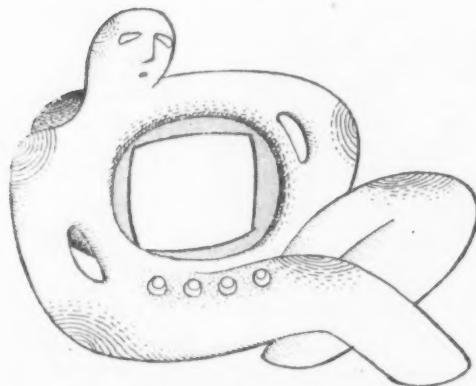
*... Sir Alfred Munnings ...*



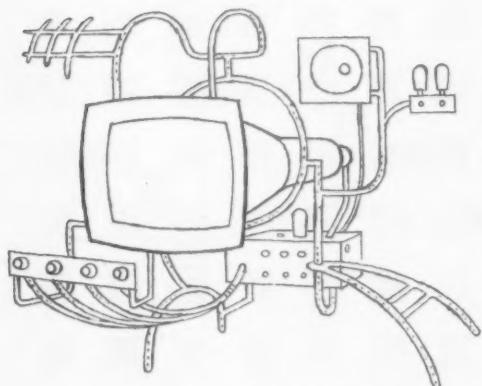
*... Mr. Cecil Beaton ...*



*... Miss Constance Spry ...*



*... Mr. Henry Moore ...*



*... and Mr. Reg Butler.*

## In the City



## Holiday from Cricket

WHAT has cricket to do with the City? How can "Mammon," even in holiday mood, possibly justify an excursion into cricket reform? Everything, and easily. County cricket is an ideal example of private enterprise at the end of its tether: if at this late hour ways and means can be found of resuscitating it and restoring its greatness, surely there is hope for other moribund industries and weed-filled fields of investment.

Yes, P.E.P. (Political and Economic Planning) calls its latest broadsheet "The Cricket Industry," and does not hesitate to employ the jargon of economics and the Crippsian working party in demanding a neotechnic approach to the noble game.

County cricket (as if male readers of *The Times* didn't know) is played six days a week throughout the summer, from May to September; it provides employment for some 450 professional performers, entertainment for about 2,000 spectators per match per day, pabulum for scores of statisticians and engrossing reading-matter for millions of fugitives from the front-page scares and scandals. The County Championship doesn't pay its way. Every county relies on hand-outs from the M.C.C. (the proceeds of Test series), on charity, football pools, jumble sales and whisky drives. Only Yorkshire, of all the seventeen counties, takes as much as half its total income at the gate.

There is not enough money in the game to attract the skilled exponent. A handful of stars do very well, receive handsome tax-free benefits (Washbrook's ran to £15,000), make profitable overseas tours, and cash in on advertising, journalism and television, but the average player is lucky to earn as much as £800 a year during his fifteen to twenty years in the game. Most of our best cricketers prefer week-end cricket—club, league and village—and play as

amateurs. Very few of them are ever selected to represent their county, and none since the days of Sidney Barnes has played for England. In Australia, where week-end cricket is the rule, every player has a chance of winning a place in the State and national elevens.

The time to make essential structural alterations is now, while the game is still immensely popular as a scenic prop to the English summer and when from a playing point of view England is sitting on top of the world. The County Championship should include all counties and consist of three, four or more divisions. Each county would play about sixteen two-day (Saturday and Sunday) matches of one innings apiece. And there would be no full-time professionals.

My guess is that with these changes interest would be revived, the turnstiles would click merrily and within a

few years England would have a team capable of thrashing all comers.

As for the City, well the reorganization of the hallowed territory of bat and ball might startle the leaders of industry and finance into the realization that not even great traditions are proof against the law of diminishing returns. I may add that the abolition of mid-week cricket—except of course for Tests—would benefit industry by improving attendance at board meetings and reducing the frequency of funerals (grannies').

Finally, I think it only fair to warn investors that the adoption of the P.E.P. proposals (or "Mammon's") would upset the shares of the paper manufacturers and newspaper proprietors. At the moment cricket chatter consumes about one-twelfth of the nation's newsprint and sells a large part of the lunch and special editions of the evening newspapers.

MAMMON

\* \* \*

## In the Country



## Unconsidered Truffles

THE corn is coming in well, the yield promises to be above average. Of course it's quite gratifying to harvest what you have sown, but for all that I find it is even more satisfying to gather what I never even planted. "Perks" is a cockney word but you have to live in the country to get these occasional and gratuitous bonuses. This year the grass fields, and some of the kale fields too which were ploughed in the spring, contain so many mushrooms that even the greedy motorists and hikers don't pick them all. There are enough left over for the farmers themselves. I get up early to pick my neighbour's fields. He rises at the same time to collect them from mine. Perhaps we ought to come to some arrangement? But if there is anything more tasty than wild mushrooms it is when they are stolen.

And this is the season for truffles too. I used to think that this expensive and indispensable delicacy was obtainable

only in delicatessen stores, until a Frenchman, staying in the village here, assured me that he could find truffles on my own property if I would lend him a pig. It seemed a fair exchange. I offered him a Large White, but he chose a lop-eared black sow in preference, because, as her ears prevented her from seeing where she was going, he said that her sense of smell would be more acute. Having secured a cord round the animal's neck, he put a muzzle, which he made out of wire-netting, over her snout. Then, with a certain amount of encouragement from me with a stick, he led the sow down the road and into a plantation of pine trees. One advantage of obtaining the reputation of an eccentric is that you can take a walk like this through the village without raising comment. The Frenchman didn't see anything odd in our activities. The sow started sniffing at the foot of every tree, then waddled on until she suddenly stopped and began rooting purposefully. Just as she reached her quarry my guide bent down and grabbed the little black gold which was growing about a foot beneath the surface. Within an hour we had pocketed enough of these underground fungi to make a dozen omelets.

"Of course you can still find truffles in England, or anywhere else, even if you haven't got a pig," he told me. "You just look where the blow-flies are hovering in a wood, and the truffles will be sure to be somewhere beneath them, but a pig can save all that digging."

RONALD DUNCAN

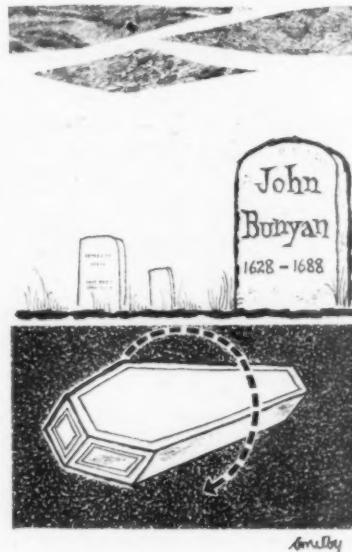


## BOOKING OFFICE Generalize or Bust

I SOMETIMES wonder whether it is quite as hard to write dazzling little reappraisals of the English classics as it looks. How often introductions to reprints, middle articles and long reviews of new editions leave behind them only the memory of enjoyment. The assured brio, the sweeping collocations of widely separated facts, the historical and sociological penetration sting and vanish like sparks. The generalizations fly so fast that one does not waste time considering whether they are all equally valid. One just hangs on. By the time I was half-way through writing the following reappraisal of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, I was convinced that it was really rather profound. By the time I broke off, I was convinced that whatever it was that I had said was true.

English literature mirrors travel, Russian *stasis*. The Three Sisters suffer anguish over an unmade journey to Moscow, while in the typical English novel the hero converts a change of residence to a change of fortune. It is the basic pattern of the Fairy Tale, with The Journey, The Task and The Reward, which is not only the King's Daughter but eventually the King's throne. The Monarchy is renewed from peasant stock; but in *Dick Whittington*, the first middle-class fairy tale and perhaps the only one, the reward is money and civic eminence. It is worth noting that in the older tales the hero's pet is the aristocratic dog, in *Dick Whittington* the middle-class cat. Bunyan mingles both strands. Christian lives in a city, not in the country, and he has the middle-class virtue of absence of shame at reward. Bunyan himself is not ashamed to urge the merits of his book in a long, rhymed blurb. On the other hand, the Heavenly City is monarchical. Christian's reward is to become one of the peers surrounding the throne. There is no suggestion that he will attain municipal office.

In the key-quotation of the English appetite, hopeful travel is set above arrival. The emphasis is on process, not product, on the dynamic, not the static. Bunyan describes the most optimistic of all journeys but he gives only half a dozen lines to describing its goal. Dante would not have considered his comedy perfect without *Il Paradiso*.



The journey itself is described in terms of gradient. It is the world of the mediæval road-book, where places are ranged in order and the roads between them seen in terms of personal challenge. It is a voyage among geographical abstractions. We expect an Isthmus and a Promontory to be added to the Hill and the Valley and the Slough.

The inhabitants of the places are more sharply differentiated. Each new character met is judged in terms of neighbourliness. The dramatis personæ are the population of a street spread out along a trail. Even the folklore elements are domesticated. The Giants are Gog and Magog, benevolent freaks, not vessels of true horror. The fair is

not Goblin Market. The menaces are as homely as pottery grotesques on a mantelpiece. The folksiness of Bunyan is the folksiness of the Parables. His excitements are such as might be recounted in an alehouse or a letter. It is a book full of wonders but without Wonder. It lacks numinosity.

The journey is optimistic because the existence of the City is certain. It is not doubtful, as it would be in Kafka, who, as a Jew, knew the promise but not the fulfilment. Perhaps the central fact of the European Mind is that Kafka never wrote a *Pilgrim's Progress*: perhaps the central fact of the American mind is that America lived it rather than wrote it. The Pilgrim Fathers were a community while the Canterbury Pilgrims were a sodality. The Solitary Traveller is the sardonic traveller; but Christian was private without being solitary. The period between Wolsey and Walpole has left us three monuments of the English polity, Plowden's *Reports*, the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall and Locke's *Treatises on Government*; but the Spirit of the Age is more often discerned in two monuments to the English privacy, *The Compleat Angler* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*, the first active and the second passive, the first fishing and the second fished, for though the emphasis of Bunyan's allegory is on the human will it is not on free-will. Christian reaches the city not only because he struggles towards it but because he is drawn towards it. He is not argosy or flotsam but import. It is significant that both Chaucer and Hawthorne worked in the Customs.

Christiana bridges the gap between the Wyf of Bath, who admits first the argument of her appetites and then the desire of her sex for sovereignty, and Dora Copperfield, with her invitation to impose and subdue. Her husband is not a slave, master or companion. He is a precursor. She follows with the children like a pioneer's wife; but she is not a pioneer. A more complex character than Christian—it was a century of feminine psychologists—she is a product of Sunderland and

Rochester's England, as Christian had been of Danby's England.

It is possible to divide the heroines of English novels into those who are Baroque in emotion and those who are Palladian. Compared with Anna Karenina . . . R. G. G. PRICE

**Tunes of Glory.** James Kennaway. Putnam, 13/6

Since literary ability is not a military qualification, novels about professional peace-time soldiering are comparatively rare, though Robert Henriques' *No Arms No Armour* and James Gould Cozzens' *Guard of Honour* remain notable examples of the genre, with which Mr. Kennaway's début does not compare unfavourably. The conflict between the unconventional Acting-Colonel of a Highland Scottish regiment and his proposed successor, Staff-College-trained and determined to act as a new broom, is at least as absorbing to the lay reader as a struggle for power between business executives or scientific Civil Servants; and the author—who has himself served in the Cameron Highlanders—has presented his documentary detail with brevity and punch.

The portrait of Colonel Sinclair, of course, dominates the book; but the minor characters are satisfactorily sketched-in, and the conclusion, though a trifle over-emotional, is not unmoving. Altogether a promising start, with phonetic Scots dialogue rendered less irritatingly than usual. J. M.R.

**The Arts and Architecture of China.** Laurence Sickman and Alexander Soper. Penguin Books, 45/-

Surprising as it may seem it was civil service examinations which gave China the largest class of art patrons ever enjoyed by a civilization, creating a body of leisured scholar-gentleman who maintained the arts as a continuous living tradition for over two thousand years. The American authors of this book begin their story a full millennium before this unusual bureaucracy was created. Even though they omit the ceramic arts which, more than anything else, spread China's artistic fame in the West, they have a formidable task to compress the entire history of painting, sculpture and architecture of this vast period into some three hundred quarto pages.

Their highly compact text is more likely to be dipped into for information than used for continuous reading, but even for those who think of Chinese paintings only as endless ungovernable scrolls will find the illustrations a perpetual delight. They are mostly unfamiliar, being chosen from the astonishingly rich collections of American museums or from the even less-known national treasures from Peking, now stored—for an indefinite period it seems—in packing cases on the island of Formosa. F. W.

**The Iron King.** Maurice Druon. *Rupert Hart-Davis, 15/-*

This is the first of a series of historical novels about France in the early Fourteenth Century called *The Accursed Kings*, though the theme is not, I think, republican. It is rather old-fashioned history, all about personal feuds, claims to lordships, the persecution of the Templars and executions; but I found it far more enjoyable than it sounds. Beginning slowly, it soon makes one anxious to know whether Isabella of England will unmask her adulterous sisters-in-law and whether her adviser, Robert of Artois, will regain his inheritance. A certain ignorance of the period helps.

Some reviewers have complained of the reek of the torture chamber. This should not turn a post-Nazi stomach, nor excite devotees, even though the translator is Mr. Humphrey Hare, Swinburne's biographer. M. Druon is excited by the hates and greeds of St. Louis's descendants. Like a good romancer, he takes sides and, unlike most modern historical novelists, he makes no allowances for the pressures of environment. He is exhilaratingly unfair. R. G. G. P.

**The Memoirs of a Cross-Eyed Man.** James Wellard. Macmillan, 13/6

This is Mr. Wellard in holiday mood, inviting us to join him in comic adventures which grow wilder and wilder. If the invitation includes a blank cheque on plausibility, it is still worth taking. As a ladies' man his hero is handicapped by a huge nose, a clumsy frame and a phenomenal squint; behind these misfortunes lies an old-fashioned romantic, burning in an Arthurian way to discover the perfect woman, and prepared, a strabismic Cyrano, to suffer anything in pursuit of her. His unattainable is a film-star on location in North Africa, and though now only Hollywood can fully satirize itself, the excellence of Mr. Wellard's dialogue finds fresh farce in this familiar field of lunacy.

His novel is richer in invention than form. Jumping too audaciously from one absurd episode to another, it leaves us stranded on the brink of yet another beautifully platonic idyll. It gets out of hand, but there are some very funny scenes. E. O. D. K.

**A Certain Smile.** Françoise Sagan. John Murray, 8/6

"I was young, I liked one man and another was in love with me . . . There was even a married man involved, and another woman: a little play with four characters was taking place in the springtime in Paris. I reduced it all to a lovely dry equation, as cynical as could be."

Thus Dominique, the young law-student heroine of Mlle. Sagan's second novel, after she has been kissed by a stranger in a cinema and is "throwing herself" into "a beautiful book by



"What have you done with the cricket page? They can't possibly have acted on that P.E.P. recommendation already."

Sartre, *L'Age de Raison*; and as a résumé of the story her reflections could hardly be bettered. The married man is the "quite passable," middle-aged uncle of Dominique's boy-friend: he is a "famous traveller" and tells her quite soon, when they are living together in a gigantic hotel in Cannes, that she smells of warm grass. Dominique suffers the inevitable disillusionment, especially since her intellect is opposed to this passion; the word "cynical" recurs inexorably; and the attempted mélange of detachment and poignancy fails to come off, if compared with similar novels by that unaccountably neglected writer, the late Jean Rhys.

J. M.R.

## AT THE PLAY

*Measure for Measure*  
(STRATFORD-ON-AVON)  
*The Young and Beautiful* (ARTS)

DESPITE the Duke's preposterous subterfuges, the irrelevant bawdy clowning (irrelevant because the play is about bad deeds not bad words) and its shameless wrenching of probabilities of behaviour, *Measure for Measure* has moments when the "story" suddenly grips. Conventions of melodrama still exploited in any modern "B" picture were at work even then. Claudio's eleventh-hour reprieve is the same that sets the tip-ups banging nightly at the local Odeon. Isabella's threat to proclaim Angelo's indecent proposal, and his "But who would believe thee, Isabel?" hint at that reluctance to go to the cops which has stretched many a thin situation to the desired ninety minutes. And over all hangs the unfailing dramatic question, will good triumph over evil in the end?

Anthony Quayle's production does not despise these timelessly effective tricks, but plays them to such purpose that the long procrastinations of dénouement, as

the Duke pulls Olympian strings to his maximum personal enjoyment, are pleasurable tantalizing instead of tediously obstructive. The scenery of Tanya Moiseiwitsch is more dungeon than street, palace or public place; it is stark and dark, though once relieved by an excess of banners, and more successfully evokes the mood than does the wailing of instruments and voices doing duty for incidental music. Laughter gets a generous look-in, not only from Patrick Wymark's effervescent ribaldry as Pompey (he transmutes one of Shakespeare's most unpromising chunks of rib-tickling into true gold) but from the mannered, sardonic Lucio of Alan Badel, which by its fresh and provocative reading only just avoids unbalancing the play. The danger that the text will suddenly defeat the interpretation is skilfully averted.

Margaret Johnston's Isabella, like anyone else's, is up against the difficulty of suggesting passionate potentialities under a nun's habit—a task which needs a complement of suggestion from Angelo that his passions are irresistibly aroused. Emlyn Williams fails to give her this essential support. His cold fish convinces and repels, but the transition to hot-blooded lover is never made, and the character as it is conceived here could never make it. This lack is bound to undermine a play turning on corrupt

authority's bargaining leniency for a woman's honour (see numberless Hollywood scripts), and invalidates the related scenes. Isabella's horror, Claudio's terror—Emrys James makes chilling stuff of this, all the same—and the Duke's righteous alarm are all weakened unless we can believe in the threat that prompts them.

At the Arts is a dramatized novelette so breathy and delicate that we wonder afterwards what we have been doing with our evening. *The Young and Beautiful* must be regarded as an excuse for one actress to act her head off in the role of an innocently promiscuous adolescent, so confused with notions of fairy-tale romance that she thinks she knows what she wants but finds, when she gets it, that she doesn't. Lois Smith has already played the girl, Josephine, in America, and either that or something else makes other members of the cast seem unsure and unclear. If it is something else it may well be Sally Benson's writing, which in painting Josephine with fastidious care has only roughed in the rest. There is a sense of incompleteness, as if the play is part of a larger, invisible context which should have been more helpfully drawn upon. Miss Smith successfully conveys the painful, shifting ambitions and apprehensions of adolescence, but the play has no climax. A

smacked behind for Josephine, say at the end of act two, would have worked wonders.

#### Recommended

Chekhov is done proud in *The Seagull* (Saville—15/8/56); Alec Guinness is very funny in *Hotel Paradiso* (Winter Garden—9/5/56); among the best of present comedies, *Romanoff and Juliet* (Piccadilly—30/5/56) and *The Waltz of the Toreadors* (Criterion—14/3/56).

J. B. BOOTHROYD

### AT THE DRESS SHOW

Paris Autumn-Winter  
Collections

COLLECTION week in Paris began with the Christian Dior opening.

Thus, by noon of the first day we knew the worst—and the best. The best was the veering away from the high-waisted Empire line which has been hanging over our wardrobes for several seasons: belts have settled at the natural waist. The worst was a group of daytime dresses, in thick tweedy woollens, with skirts only three inches above the ankle.

These *demi-longue* dresses, as Dior calls them, amount to only a very small group in a collection of almost two hundred models: a kite flown to gauge atmospheric conditions. But Dior's kite was joined, next day, by some significant straws in the wind scattered by Jacques Heim. They were very long and narrow straws—hobble skirts almost to the ankle, appearing in a number of woollen day-dresses, and also in a few for evening.

For the rest, Dior's daytime silhouette is short-skirted; seventeen inches from the ground, which is shorter than we wear at present. Shoulders are gently rounded, a tiny natural waist is belted, and skirts swell out over the hips, curving in again at the hem. This silhouette goes with a wrapped-up look about the throat, achieved by swathed blouses of soft wool or chiffon, the same colour as the suit, or by little semi-attached *minouchets* of fur tucked into the neckline. The whole may have an outer-wrapping in the shape of a bulky, loose-fitting top-coat, a cape-coat, or an out-and-out cloak. All this muffling-up is in muted colours: brown or black, or black with brown; coal, coke, peat, anthracite, slate, stone—everything, in fact, delivered by your coal merchant.

For colour, the House of Lanvin stole the shows. Designed by Castillo, this collection has a dramatic Spanish touch, even though Castillo's professional background before he joined Lanvin's five years ago was Paris (with Chanel and Piguet) and New York (with Elizabeth Arden's *couture*). He calls his colour theme *Violent Violet*, and very violently it hits you; from the first three purple tweed models for street wear to the final ball gowns of purple satin and white chiffon—one broadly cummerbunded with lime green. The Castilian feeling



Angelo—EMLYN WILLIAMS Isabella—MARGARET JOHNSTON Lucio—ALAN BADEL

was intensified by much brilliant red, by broad sash cummerbunds, by flung-around stoles, short capes, long cloaks.

Cloaks! There is scarcely a collection which does not include some of these very *couture* garments: most sumptuously voluptuous at Balmain, most consistently persistent at Jacques Fath, an interesting introduction of that House being a clerical cape of the sixteenth century, fixed crossways over the shoulders. At Jean Désés, however, the cloak was but timidly hinted at with detachable cape-collars. Something dismal has happened to *chez* Désés. His colour sense seems to have deserted him: a pink evening dress is presented with costume jewellery of crudest topaz colour; a lilac satin gown is shown with a wrap of sapphire mink. Again, he has no new line, but sketches in little doodles from other seasons: floating back panels to skirts; back fastening sur-coats to dresses; coats slit at the sides like yesterday's caftans; hats worn sideways or tilted backwards. He calls it the Tornado Line: *La tempête soufflant plus ou moins fort dans telle ou telle direction semble déterminer la silhouette en dirigeant ses divers mouvements*. Diverse movements in such or such a direction . . . a good summing up of this most confused collection.

Of the smaller Houses, that of Madeleine de Rauch makes the most outstanding contribution. Always excellent with tweeds and country clothes, this season she presents clothes which combine elegance with ease and softness, Parisian urbanity with casual assurance. She, like Dior, has given her Autumn lady a wrapped-up look, with cross-over cravats and soft jersey or chiffon blouses under short suit jackets. The wrapped-up look, short jackets . . . draped chiffon, swathed chignons, cummerbunds, capes, and cloaks . . . fur linings, fur bindings, fur fez hats . . . these are the telling notes for the coming season. These toll the death of summer.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

## AT THE PICTURES



*Child in the House*  
*The Iron Petticoat*

REFLECTION discovers more and more points to criticize about *Child in the House* (Director: C. Raker Endfield); and yet I must be honest and admit that at the time I found it interesting and enjoyable. It is a small-scale, unpretentious British picture, and on examination the story shows signs of a little wrenching to provide a "happy" or hopeful ending; nevertheless it has some very good points indeed.

It is adapted (by the director) from the novel by Janet McNeill, and the theme is summed up adequately in the title: it is, quite simply, the radical influence of a "child in the house" on a household that has never known a child before. Elizabeth (Mandy Miller) comes to stay with her childless Aunt Evelyn

(Phyllis Calvert) and Uncle Henry (Eric Portman) because her mother is ill and her father (Stanley Baker) is away. Uncle Henry is a barrister ("the greatest legal philosopher in England," as he is described later), and his wife has always thought her charm is as infallibly effective with children as it is with everybody else; faced with the task of keeping an eleven-year-old happy they are upset to find themselves inadequate, though Uncle Henry is the more successful.

Elizabeth makes a friend of the maid, Cassie (Dora Bryan), who escorts her to her ballet classes, and on one of these occasions her father contrives to meet her. It is plain that he is anxious to keep out of sight of the police, but all the child knows is that he makes her promise not to say she has seen him.

This becomes for her an enormous problem, and of course she can't win: people realize, in spite of all her earnest efforts to hide the fact, that she does know where he is. Meanwhile Aunt Evelyn has—after losing her temper a few times, and quarrelling with her husband—seen the light; and so after a climactic chase, at the end of which the father gives an undertaking to give himself up, the necessary "radiance" is provided for the fade-out.

Yes, the dénouement may be too "easy," but the film is remarkably interesting in detail. Throughout, from the first moment (we hear the *voice* of Aunt Evelyn, the passenger, while we look over the taxi-driver's shoulder), there are imaginatively fresh touches about the method of narration, and the acting, notably by Miss Calvert in a nine-tenths unsympathetic part, is excellent. The picture is a striking mixture of the usual and the unusual. The irrelevant song sung by Mandy Miller behind the credit titles can be disregarded; the people whose appreciation of the film is increased by that couldn't appreciate it anyway.

Some writers say that Katharine Hepburn should not have been put into a Bob Hope film, but I'm inclined to suggest that Mr. Hope should not have been put into a Hepburn one. *The Iron Petticoat* (Director: Ralph Thomas) is an artificial comedy on the lines of *Ninotchka*, not a farce—in spite of Mr. Hope's continuous stream of (often very funny) wisecracks, a little business with hotel-bedroom doors, and various comic Russians. It remains essentially a romantic comedy, and it is Mr. Hope's radio-comedian style—funny, as I say, though it can be at the time—that is really out of place in it. (He even contrives to get in the customary smack at Crosby.)

No one could pretend that the thing isn't entertaining, but it is simply a commercial piece of entertainment. Among other things I disapprove of is the fact that the name of the script-writer,



*Child in the House*  
Elizabeth Lorimer—MANDY MILLER

Ben Hecht, was omitted from the press "handout"—because, one can only suppose, sections of the Press were not trusted to judge the film on its merits if they knew it (though most critics have quoted it all the same, for it remains in the credit titles of the film). The end of the story as summarized in the printed synopsis has also gone—God knows why, in that instance. But of course the mere names of the stars will be enough to pack people in, and they'll certainly enjoy themselves.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Survey  
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Nothing has turned up to beat the long-established *Grisbi* or *Honour Among Thieves* (27/6/56) as my top London recommendation. Three more, interesting in their very different ways, are John Ford's Western *The Searchers* (8/8/56), Chaplin's classic *The Gold Rush* (with his own commentary and facetious music), and the strange, oddly compelling *Le Défroqué* (15/8/56).

Best of the new releases in my view is *Wedding Breakfast* (25/7/56); others include the much-publicized *Trapeze* (9/7/56) and *Anything Goes*, a bright new version of the old Cole Porter musical.

RICHARD MALLETT

## ON THE AIR



## Illusions of Grandeur

EVERY week, if they are so minded, viewers can sit through about two hours of film trailers. The B.B.C. offers them "Picture Parade," a "magazine programme of films and film personalities," the I.T.A. blows its "Film Fanfare," a "glittering story of the silver screen," and in addition both channels serve up half-hours with particular stars or film companies. A fair ration for the fans.

I have no idea whether these excerpts and interviews are good or bad for the box office. They are entirely uncritical: every film is presented as a masterpiece and something not on any account to be missed. So to some extent the work of the newspaper critics is undone. But do people believe what they see on television more readily than what they read in the papers?

There is something alarmingly unwholesome about television's welcoming beauteous smile for the current film releases. It encourages an indolent acceptance of screen entertainment, undermines the role of the legitimate critic, and mocks the vaunted integrity of commercial interests. Unless these cheap and crude testimonials are stopped we can expect sponsored screen-time to be extended in the interests of book publishers, theatrical impresarios and art wallahs. A programme of illustrated readings from the blurbs of book jackets would be no more shabby, distasteful and harmful than the mealy-mouthed puffs of "Picture Parade" and "Film Fanfare."



PETER HAIGH

MAURICE ELVEY

DEREK BOND

[Picture Parade

Both programmes are produced, of course, with appropriate gush and glamour. The B.B.C.'s effort is set in what appears to be the luxurious foyer of a super-cinema, though to add weight to the proceedings the background is decorated by a busily efficient secretary and a cluttered desk. Peter Haigh and Derek Bond are the resident receptionists and interviewers, and both behave, I regret to say, as though they are about to sign contracts with Hollywood.

At times the guest stars are insufferable. The other week Miss Joan Crawford gave a nauseating exhibition of maudlin matedness, so much so that I expected the censors to step in at any moment with a ruling about the duration of screen hugs, kisses and the laying on of hands. She advertised her deep and abiding affection for all and sundry with a magnificent display of teeth and white of eye, and spoke (like all female stars) in a tense

forced breathy whisper that is supposed to convert weary platitudes into soul-searing passionate prose. But doesn't.

Peter Haigh, to his credit, seemed vaguely embarrassed by it all, but Miss Crawford—who may have been stricken with nerves—gave the impression that with only one pair each of hands, cheeks, lips and eyes she was unfairly handicapped.

I looked in the other day at Channel 9's "Kingsway Corner," a serial programme of interviews conducted on the pavements opposite Bush House. The idea (not a particularly novel one) is to "interview interesting people passing by," but unfortunately there is no possible guarantee that the people passing by are interesting, and the screened

result is bound to be a mixed bag of tedium and aimless volubility. All the same I admired the slick presentation, the efficient mike-side manner of Maureen Pryor, Kent Walton and Nick Barker and the pleasant confident captaincy of Christian de Lisle.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

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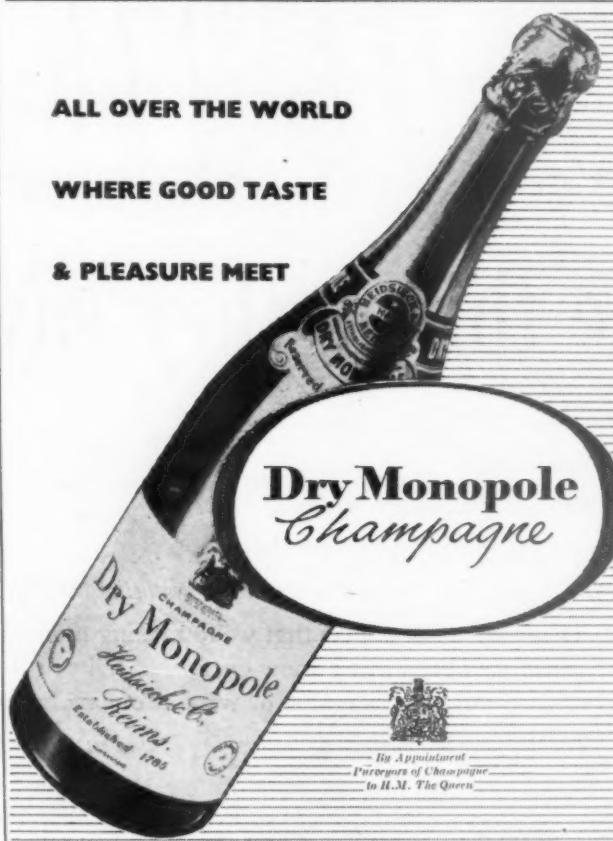
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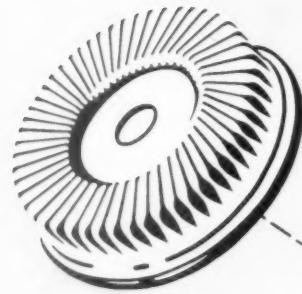
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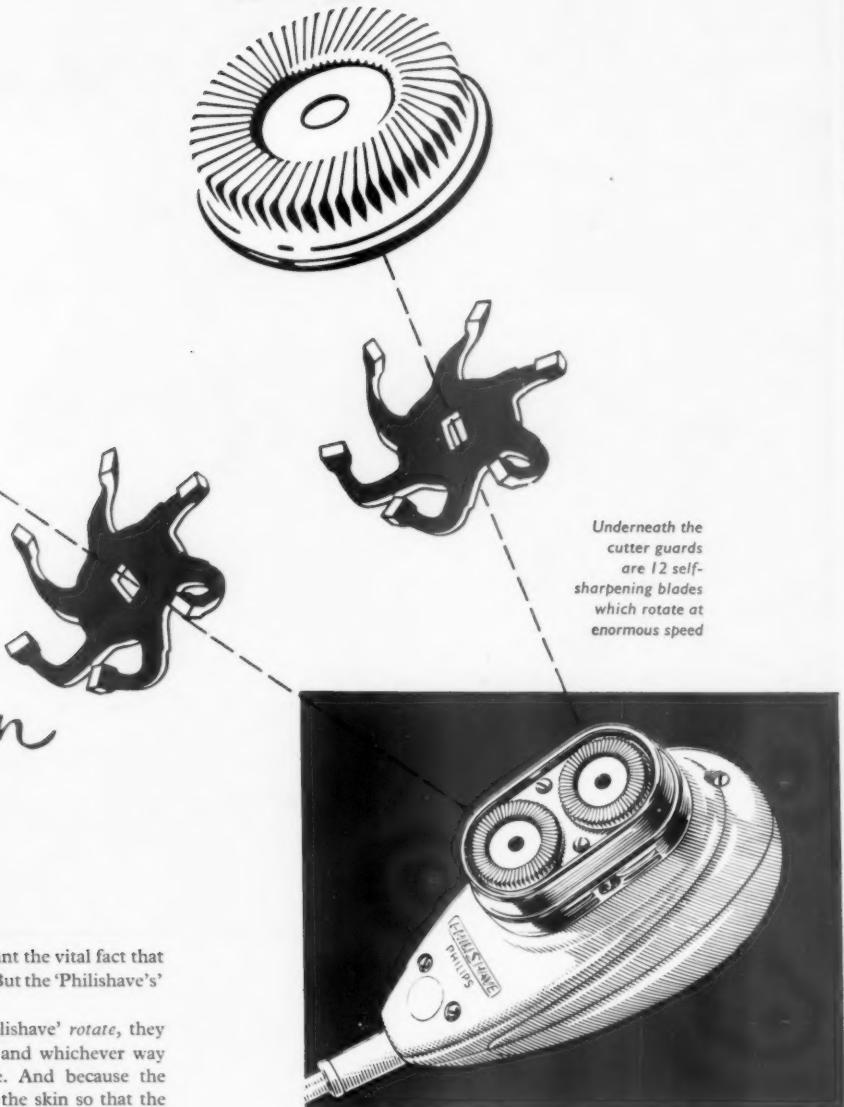
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